





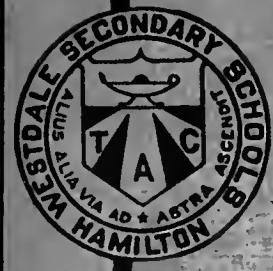


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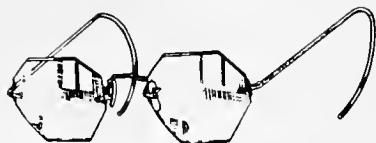
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S T . T H O M A S - O N T A R I O

LE RACONTEUR

Spring 1936



Westdale Secondary School
Hamilton, Ontario



Gentlemen, The King!

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 BACK ROW—W. Chilman, P. Henderson, R. Cattell, K. Giffen, I. McNairn, E. Siegal, I. Goldberg.

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EDITORIALS

Ye Editor Speaks

By Bob Coulson

The staff of *Le Raconteur* sincerely hopes that this issue of the annual paper meets with your approval, and at least approaches your expectations. We have worked hard to make it a success. If we have failed—well, we are sorry, but we have done our best. So much enjoyment can be obtained even from a summary of the happy days of school life that we trust we have given you that, if nothing more.

To the many students who have submitted material for publication—our thanks. If you have not broken into print this time, try again. That your copy has not been used is no reflection on its merit. Perhaps it did not reach us soon enough. Perhaps the standard features of the paper crowded it out. Perhaps it got lost in the rush. Never mind; better luck next time!

Again this year, we must, too, make special mention of the yeoman efforts of the advertising staff. To this group of young men and women, we really owe this paper, for they have secured the necessary financial backing for us.

Our debt to the teaching staff in this, as in other school projects, we do not forget. Mr. Rinn, Mr. Lillie, and Mr. Hawes have been of inestimable help to us. To Miss Cawthorpe, and Mr. Gillan we are no less grateful. The proof of our appreciation of Mr. Gillan's work is the number of his photographs we have used.

The sun of school life, so long absent from Westdale, is appearing above the horizon. If this issue does anything to assist it towards its zenith, we will be more than satisfied.

John Buchan

By Loreen Wilkinson

John Buchan was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1875. His father was a Presbyterian minister, having a parish near the Tweed River, where John Buchan spent most of his boyhood. When selecting his title, he remembered his boyhood and chose Lord Tweedsmuir. John Buchan was educated at Oxford University and graduated as a lawyer. For

two years he was Private Secretary to Lord Milner in South Africa, and thus became well acquainted with the world of politics and the governing of people and a country. He is a partner in the firm of Nelson & Company, one of the greatest publishing houses in the world. John Buchan was also a member of the British House of Commons, representing the Scottish Universities. His successor is the Duke of Kent. During the Great War he was on Earl Haig's staff, which was a very outstanding position.

In 1907 John Buchan married Susan Grosvenor, who is related to the Duke of Westminster. They have four children, three boys and a girl. The eldest son, John, has a government position in Uganda, Africa. William, the second son, is at Oxford, and is the editor of the Oxford Magazine. Alstair, the youngest son, is at Eton College. Alice, the only daughter, is the wife of Captain Fairfax Lucy, of an old English family. The Buchan family have resided at Elsfield Manor, near Oxford, for the past seventeen years.

John Buchan has written much history, biography, and fiction. He writes every word himself, usually while travelling. Some of his more popular books are: "Castle Gay," "Prester John" and "The King's Gace," the latter being the history of His late Majesty, King George, and his consort, Queen Mary, since their coronation. John Buchan writes books because he likes to and because he gets real enjoyment from writing them. At least fifty of his books have been published, and they are very popular.

In appearance Lord Tweedsmuir is like Cardinal Newman. He has a spare figure, lean face, brown hair and broad brow. His gray-blue eyes are the distinctive feature of his rather austere face. His movements are quick and lithe, as befits a sportsman. He is a mountaineer, rider, walker, falcon enthusiast, deer stalker, and a very good angler for salmon and trout. He dresses quietly as a rule, but in ceremonial clothes he looks very stately. John Buchan is a friendly man, and an extremely fine speaker. As Governor-General, he has already won the esteem and affection of the Canadian people.

An Open Letter to The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

We, the pupils of C2B, take this opportunity to express our ideas in regard to the activities of the Westdale Secondary Schools. Our complaints will be salved with good-will, and we hope you will accept them in the spirit in which they are meant; our approbation represents an honest attempt to express an appreciation of the various school organizations and those responsible for their control. All the activities in Westdale do not appeal to us, but we have tried to express an opinion about those that do.

THE TRIUNE

The tonic that Westdale needs is not cod-liver oil but a live Triune Society to keep our school system functioning well. The programs this year have been quite interesting and we have enjoyed them, but we would like to see and hear more of the girl members of the executive. Why can't the vice-president take charge of some meetings and make some announcements in the auditorium?

Could the Triune arrange some kind of meeting the first or second day of school especially for the newcomers? Everyone sits around most of the opening day in September and we think it would be better if all the first forms were gathered in the auditorium and told something about the various organizations in the school.

THE LIBRARY

We suppose that both libraries are the same, but our experience is limited to the Vocational. Attention should be called to the condition of some of the books. Mrs. Shaw works hard repairing the older books—those that are gradually succumbing to everyday wear-and-tear—but there are some books, practically new, with torn covers, with pages missing, and names scribbled all over them. It certainly is annoying to read a book all through, only to find the last few pages gone. A little more care on the part of the pupils would save unnecessary work for our librarian and would also make reading more enjoyable.

Then there is the question of library detentions. Somehow the library doesn't seem just the place for detentions. A pupil should enjoy going to the library, but if it is necessary to report there for detentions he will soon think of it as a place of punishment rather than of pleasure.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY???

One of the outstanding school orchestras in the Province, the best auditorium in Hamilton, and

considerable talent in acting, singing, and dancing—these are the assets with which we could build a successful Dramatic Society.

This Dramatic Society would have the job of eliminating all inferior plays for both the Triune and the Annual School Play Committee. As it is now, nobody is interested in seeking out the real talent in the school and in producing a play worthy of the standards set by other schools in the city. This Dramatic Society could also sponsor classes in such branches of theatrical training as "the art of make-up," "stage scenery and costumes," "lighting effects," etc.

We have a Technical Department that has workshops where scenery could be constructed for bigger and better plays, and there is also a Sewing Department where costumes could be made. Why can't we put on a famous operetta or a Shakespearean play, instead of the inferior plays that do not fill the auditorium? The answer is that we have no Dramatic Society interested in furthering the cause of theatricals at Westdale. If not, why not?

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

It has been announced from time to time in the auditorium that the pupils have not been supporting the Debating Society. More support would be given if we knew what it is all about. After all (as the teachers remind us), we are just second-formers, and you cannot expect us to become enthusiastic about debating when we have only a confused idea of what takes place at the meetings.

We have three suggestions as to how the activities of the Debating Society could be improved. (1) Put on a sample meeting in the auditorium, so that the pupils will have some idea as to the activities of such a club. (2) Have a debate at one of the Triune meetings by some of your best members. (3) Choose better topics for the debates—something in which the pupils are interested.

We have not run out of ideas, but you have been kind to allow us as much space as you have, and so we close, wishing you every success with the 1936 edition of *Le Raconteur*. In spite of our criticisms we are anxious to support as many student activities as we can, and we wish the school and Triune a happy and a prosperous future.

Yours sincerely,

PUPILS OF C2B.

Editor's note: This letter is the result of a co-operative effort during which each girl in the class (42 in number) had a chance to express her opinion.

Business Editorial

The unsung heroes and heroines of a magazine staff are the members of its Business Committee, without whose carefully-organized and long-continued efforts, no school magazine could ever be published. We wish therefore, in this, our most successful issue of *Le Raconteur*, to pay special tribute to the pupils and teachers whose work was carried on in the business and technical departments of the magazine.

The members of the Advertising Committee are: Irene Davis, Marjorie Staton, Freda Cooley, Margaret Carrington, Douglas McKenzie, Russell Dickie. Many advertisements were also sold by members of the Commercial Sales Classes—photograph and names appear on another page. A great deal of credit is due to the personnel of this group that undertook to raise between \$400.00 and \$450.00 in advertising fees. Theirs is a difficult and thankless task. The stenographic work involved in the soliciting of advertisements was efficiently handled by Wilhelmina Koster and members of the Commercial Fourth Year.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All ye within the jurisdiction of the Westdale Secondary School, City of Hamilton, County of Wentworth, draw near and give your attention.

Know ye that

- (1) The above gentleman is named B. S. Lillie.
- (2) He is responsible for the successful business management of this and of previous Westdale Magazines. The financial success of this magazine depends mainly on advertisers. The fact that he has been able to secure sufficient advertisers, and to arrange suitable terms with the printer and engraver reflects great credit on his Applied Salesmanship.
- (3) We appreciate his work.



SALES SUPERVISORS

BILL WALSH, JEANETTE GRAY, MARY BILTON, BILL SZEDOR

We are proud to announce that the sale of the 1936 edition of *Le Raconteur* far exceeds that of any previous publication in the history of Westdale. Jeanette Gray and her committee of Mary Bilton, Bill Walsh and Bill Szedor, had complete supervision of magazine sales and distribution. The actual sale of magazine tickets was handled by the Room Representatives and to them we express our thanks for thorough co-operation.

Much of the work connected with the publication of a school magazine depends on the facilities of the Art Department and of the Print Shop. We count ourselves lucky in having secured not only the whole-hearted support of these departments, but the skilful advice of the instructors in charge. We are particularly indebted this year, as in previous years, to Mr. Gillan for his untiring efforts with his camera. He is responsible for the many fine photographs that adorn the pages of this magazine: we tender our appreciation of his fine work and of his unwavering good-nature in the face of many trying situations. The work of the Business Committee does not cease with actual publication; for another month, a small group will be busy collecting the money due on advertising material. This important activity will be supervised by Mr. Linton.

Other interests soon will occupy your mind; *Le Raconteur* for 1936 will gather dust on some forgotten shelf. But to all who contributed to the success of Westdale Secondary School's annual magazine, we say, "Thanks again," and throw out the suggestion that you carry with you that satisfying knowledge of a difficult task well done.

The Accidental Suicide of a Murderer

By John Burbidge

THE Chief Commissioner of the C.I.D.* sat at his desk in his office in New Scotland Yard regarding some reports. The frown on his broad forehead deepened as he turned over the pages, but after a while, with a grunt of satisfaction, he drew forth two closely written sheets. When he had read them through twice, he pressed a bell at his elbow and his secretary entered.

"You rang, sir?"

"Yes. I want this Gordon case transferred to Gregory. You might give him these reports." The Chief nodded. "That will be all, Malling."

* * *

Hugh Gregory was reading the reports when I entered his office.

"We will be leaving for a place called Tavistock, in Devon, to-day," said Hugh. "That is if you will go with me."

I had been with Hugh on many of his cases, both great and small, so I was not surprised when he took it for granted that I would go with him. I nodded, "I'm with you, Hugh."

"Very well. We will leave from Waterloo on the 9.15 in the morning. That will give us plenty of time to find an hotel and get settled before lunch. From there it is only a matter of twelve miles to the house where this murder was committed."

Next day, on the train, I asked Hugh what sort of case we were on.

"Murder," he replied. "It appears that this man Henry Gordon has been shot. I can't tell you any more at present."

We arrived at the house at about three in the afternoon. It was more like a palace than a house. It was an extensive three-storeyed building, with beautiful gardens, beyond which could be seen the moors.

The ring was answered by a butler, who took us without delay to the drawing room, where we found a sergeant of police, two constables, and a small dark man of about forty-five, who was introduced to us as Major Handbury, who owned a half share in the house.

"If you will come into the library, sir," said the sergeant, "I will show you the body and tell you the case as I know it."

We went into the hall and through a door across from the room we had just left. This was oak-panelled, with a large grate, topped by a heavy mantel, about half-way down the room. Opposite it stood a comfortable chesterfield. At the opposite end of the room was a massive desk. On the ches-

terfield lay a man, a bullet-hole through the centre of his forehead. Hugh examined the body and turned to the sergeant.

"What do you know about this?"

"Not very much, sir, I am sorry to say. I was called by the Major, who said that Mr. Gordon had been shot about two o'clock yesterday afternoon. The doctor said he thought it was a .32 revolver bullet, but that he couldn't be certain. I searched the house and found a .32 revolver, which the Major said was his. I arrested him, because he was the only person besides the deceased who was in the house at the time of the murder, the servants having taken the afternoon off, and I knew that it wasn't suicide, because there was no weapon, and the man couldn't dispose of the weapon when he was dead. The Major insisted that I call the C.I.D., because he swore he was innocent and wanted it proved."

"All right, sergeant; I'll look around this room," said Hugh.

Hugh examined the floor around the dead man, and suddenly asked the sergeant in what position the body was when found.

"He was sitting at that end of the chesterfield, near that standard lamp, sir."

Hugh stood for a minute staring round the room; then he walked over to the fireplace. Here he examined for a long time a fault in the cement about the centre of the mantel; then, glancing up at the ceiling, he walked over to the standard lamp and pulled the chain switch a couple of times.

"Can you get me a hammer?" he asked.

"Yes, I'll get you one," said the sergeant.

In a minute or two he returned with the hammer, and Hugh proceeded:

"Before I finish this case I should like a word with Major Handbury."

The sergeant went out and returned with the Major.

"Major," said Hugh, "what connection did you have with Henry Gordon?"

"He was junior partner in a firm of wholesale importers of which I was the head. We also owned this house between us and appeared to be the best of friends—although I think he has been trying to dispose of me for some time that he might own the business himself."

"What sort of man was he?" asked Hugh.

"He was a very mild old fellow, but quite absent-minded," replied the Major.

(Continued on Page 62)

* Criminal Investigation Department.

Squid Harbour

By Frances Riley

PAT Nelson knew that she should be back on the boat, but she loved the freedom and strange stillness of these northern waters. She loved Squid Harbour—the most beautiful harbour, she thought, along the entire northern coast of British Columbia. But where did it get its name?

Then suddenly she remembered her father, her friend Betty, and Drake, the very attractive engineer, who were waiting for her. She really must go back. Swiftly turning her small boat, she made towards the yacht.

Her father chaffed her as he helped her up the side. "Young lady, I won't let you go away after dinner again if you don't come home before dark."

"Some home we live in," returned Pat, laughing good-naturedly, and casting a glance around the yacht.

"Nevertheless," continued her father, "it is dangerous for you to go out on these waters at night without an older person. You were so late to-night I was just going to have Drake weigh anchor and sail after you."

Pat ducked into the cabin, curled up in a chair, and started to read. Betty, lying comfortably on a sofa helping herself to chocolates from a nearby and very tempting box, offered one to Mr. Nelson as he entered.

"And, my lassies, what did you do to-day?" boomed Pat's father, now fully recovered from his anxiety for his daughter.

"Well, we went ashore after lunch. Sent some telegrams. Went swimming. And then, I think, went to sleep," drawled Betty lazily.

"I went snooping around Squid Harbour, as you know," added Pat, glancing up from her book with a twinkle in her eye.

"Did you find the tunnel?" asked Drake suddenly.

Pat sat up immediately, all attention, waiting to hear what came next. Drake spoke so seldom that one expected him to say something important, and his fund of stories was as famous as his silence.

"Oh, I—" she stumbled, "I didn't find the tunnel. No—but I did find a cave. It was full of barnacles and everything."

"Squid Harbour Cavern, I guess," said Drake, tying the loose ends of Pat's somewhat inadequate description into a neat knot of certainty.

Pat could not help noticing Drake's eyes. They were so blue that even the smoke screen which his

cigarette made could not prevent the blue from showing through.

"Do you know the story of how Squid Harbour got its name?" asked Mr. Nelson.

"No, I was just wondering who gave such an awful name to so beautiful a harbour," Pat answered almost indignantly.

Betty began to look interested now. She had a hobby connected with names and where they came from. She liked chocolates, but her hobby came first.

"I was told this story about ten years ago by an Indian guide who came with me on a hunting trip near Squid Harbour." Mr. Nelson had lighted his pipe, and was smoking reflectively. "By the way, the Indians won't cast anchor in the harbour under any circumstances. That's why I left Running Water at Victoria."

Running Water was an Indian guide who lived on the Nelson estate and accompanied Mr. Nelson on all his trips.

"Many years ago, some Indians were on a yacht with a Captain Somers. A storm came upon them, and the captain, against the wishes of the superstitious Indians, insisted on casting anchor in Squid Harbour. It was after mess that he went to his trunk to arrange some papers, sat before an open porthole and—"

"Caught a chill," Betty suggested lightly, but Pat silenced her.

"Several weeks later a search party went after 'The Bonny,' as Captain Somers called his ship. With no little difficulty they broke into his cabin, and fell back horrified. The floor was littered with a smashed table, and beside it a large hunk of squid arm. A squid, you know," he explained meaningfully, "is like an octopus, but the arms come from the head." Then he continued: "A blood-stained knife lay by the door and the gory stains around the porthole were in themselves evidence enough of how Captain Somers had been pulled, bit by bit, through the porthole, into the sea."

Pat trembled obviously as she cast a fearful glance at the open porthole above her head.

"Silly!" smiled her father. "The last squid was killed over twenty years ago."

Immediately Pat put on an air of defiance, as though she dared any squid alive to come and fight with her.

(Continued on Page 63)

Sandy Craig's Good Deed

By B. Blake

ONE evening at Bluebottle Cove, as the sun was sinking behind the purple hills of the Rockies, Sandy Craig appeared from a boathouse at the water's edge. In this house Sandy had been labouring for several hours on the hull of a sleek black and silver outboard racer. This boat was the prize possession of Clipper Craig, Sandy's father.

Richard Craig, nicknamed "Clipper" because of his ability to clip off time from world records, was a prominent figure in the life of the small resort of Bluebottle. Two years before Clipper had met with a serious airplane crash while on his way to a regatta at Long Beach, California. After spending three months in the hospital, he had been advised to retire to a small town, and had chosen Bluebottle, in which he now resided.

On arriving at Bluebottle, he at once had his special boat sent up in parts, and, regaining his health, he, with the aid of Robert, better known as Sandy, had re-assembled the boat. At the Annual Regatta in which Bluebottle, Lakeside, Sunny Harbour, Portland and Sailfish Cove participated, Clipper had made an immediate enemy of Ralph Todd, the son of a wealthy banker of Lakeside, by taking away Ralph's record by two and one-half minutes on the straight-away course of five miles. At the same time he also gained the firm friendship of Don Bently, an orphan whom he befriended while waiting for the race in which he was entered.

Don, a brown-haired, blue-eyed boy of fifteen, the same age as Sandy, was standing at the front of a crowd of race-goers, watching the boats warm up, when the crowd surged forward, shoving him off the pier into the path of a speed boat. Clipper, seeing the danger, shouted to the lad to swim for it. Sandy took the situation in at a glance, dove overboard, and swimming to the struggling boy, jerked him aside just as the boat whizzed by like a rocket. Finding, on enquiry, that the lad had no parents, Clipper took him to their cabin. Clipper then returned to the lakeside and climbed into his craft just in time to warm up the engine.

Bang! The race is on, and Sandy watches till they round the point, and then retires to look after Don. Giving him a suit of clothes and a piping hot meal tended to cement more firmly a friendship that was already as strong as steel. Clipper came home victorious and left Sandy to house the boat and overhaul it. Don watched this with interest, and after several days knew much about motors.

The last day of the Regatta was only twenty-four hours away. Sandy stood in the kitchen preparing

breakfast. Don and Clipper had gone for a walk up the bench. Suddenly the window broke and a rock landed at Sandy's feet. Looking down, he saw a note tied to the stone. Picking it up, he read, "We, the holders of Donald Bently and Clipper Craig, demand that you forfeit the race to-morrow, which, if won by you, would take the title from a certain party. If you agree leave a note in a hollow tree just off the junction of Highways No. 20 and 12 by seven o'clock to-night." This was signed "The Holders."

Sandy busied himself for about an hour wrapping various things. At noon he sneaked out unseen and was soon at the appointed place. He worked feverishly for half an hour, climbing trees, rigging wires, etc. Soon he surveyed his work and smiled in satisfaction. Placing a paper in the tree, he left for home. At six-thirty a man slunk away from a cabin and raced to a tree at the junction of Highways 20 and 12. He peered cautiously about and proceeded to walk stealthily to a tree. Suddenly he tripped on a wire, a net descended on him, and Sandy pounced from the bushes on the figure. After severe questioning the fellow broke down and confessed that Don and the Clipper were being held by some men in a fish shanty on a deserted part of the shore near Sunny Harbour.

Sandy left the man bound and gagged and ran to the boathouse some two miles distant. He immediately launched the craft, warmed up the engine and was off up the lake to the shanty. About half a mile away he cut his motor, went ashore and crept up on the hut. By the light of a candle in the hut, he could see three men at a table, and in one corner Don and Clipper lay bound and gagged. Pulling two automatics from his pockets, he quietly pushed the door open and calmly ordered the men to raise their hands. Swiftly but cautiously he backed to Don, stooped down, and, cutting his bonds, left him to free Clipper. Don and Clipper, being free, quickly bound and gagged the men who only a little while before had had them in their power. Extinguishing the candle, the trio left and headed for the boat. When they reached their cabin at Bluebottle, it was almost three o'clock in the morning. Clipper telephoned the Sheriff, giving him the location of the shanty where the three prisoners were and they all retired and slept until eight in the morning, when they arose, breakfasted, and went to overhaul the boat before the final race.

(Continued on Page 59)

Through Mail

By Dave Hughes

THROUGH the skies, over the snow-blanketed ground outside Fort Providence, roared the sleek monoplane of Canadian Airways, piloted by young Dick Brownly. The plane banked in a wide arc, and with motor ticking over gently, came down out of the air and settled her wide skis on the surface of the hard-packed runway.

Opening the door of the plane, the young pilot hopped out, dragging two mail sacks behind him. He was met by an officer of the R.C.M.P. and an old man with white beard and wearing a heavy mackinac.

"Hello, Brownly, I see you have the mail here on time. Old Man Pete here was beginning to wonder if you had forgotten to bring it or if you had resorted to a dog team and were late, just as so many of these dog team mail carriers are," said the Mountie with a wink and a nod of his head toward Old Man Pete.

"You know denged well," said Old Man Pete in reply to the remark of the officer, "that I ain't never been late with my dog team here, and never will be. But if the gov'ment ever decides to put these consarned airyplanes on my route people up Fort Wrigley 'll be a-wonderin' if people in the rest of the world heve stopped writin' letters."

"Don't let it bother you, Pete," replied Dick, casting a loving gaze on the neat little plane he loved so well. "It looks as though you'll be picking the mail up from me here at Fort Providence for a few more years yet. But perhaps Canadian Airways may be given the contract yet to carry mail to Fort Wrigley."

"Not if I have anythin' to do with it, they won't," replied the disgruntled oldster. Picking up the mail sacks and loading them on the sleigh, he prepared for the trip to Fort Wrigley.

"Looks like we are in for a storm," said Dick, as he was watching Old Man Pete load his sleigh. "Don't you think you'd better wait until the storm blows over?"

Old Man Pete pulled his cap over his ears, snorted, and said: "No blinkin' snow storm 'll stop me—no siree. With me on the job the mail 'll allas go through. But what chance has the mail to go through when a denged airyplane man allas has to wait fer weather?" With a concluding snort, Old Man Pete turned to his dogs and, with a word to his lead dog, sleigh, dogs and man were soon lost in the snowy haze.

In Fort Providence, a few hours later, by radio, came the crackling voice of the operator from Canadian Airways' headquarters warning all planes to stay grounded, as one of the Northwest's worst blizzards was blowing up and was expected to strike soon.

"That will keep me here for a few days," said the young pilot to the factor of the trading post at Fort Providence, and, moving closer to the glowing warmth of the stove, he added: "I suppose my old rival will be well on his way to Fort Wrigley by now."

Night was approaching as Old Man Pete reached his destination, a deserted log cabin on the margin of an ice-covered lake, that he always used for shelter after concluding the first lap of his journey. Picking up his axe, he went outside the cabin to get some wood for his fire. Approaching a half-dead tree, he began to chop, and as he was swinging his axe for the last time, the tree shook, and, with a sharp report of rending wood, the tree came crashing down. The oldster, not prepared for this unexpected occurrence, and not as agile as he had been in his younger days, felt the heavy timber's crushing weight on his left leg. Stunned, Old Man Pete lay in the snow for a few minutes collecting his scattered thoughts. Two things he was sure of—his leg was badly broken, and that if he did not receive aid soon, he would die of exposure. He must reach the warmth and shelter of the log cabin if he ever hoped to protect his pain-racked body from the biting blizzard of the Northwest. The spirit that had so often carried Old Man Pete through the dangers and hardships of his many years as a mail carrier in the Northwest welled up in him now, and with teeth clenched, he began pulling himself to the goal that meant life.

At length he managed to drag his pain-seared leg across the threshold of the cabin, realizing that unconsciousness would drive from his brain any spark of an idea whereby he might convey to his friends at Fort Providence that he needed help, and that speedily.

A cold muzzle touched the old man's pain-whitened face, and turning his head slowly he saw the questioning eyes of his lead dog, his faithful companion ever since its puppyhood at Fort Providence. Old Man Pete loved his team of dogs. They had made it possible for him to maintain his unblemished record of efficiency as a mail carrier of the

(Continued on Page 60)



COLLEGiate TEACHERS

FIRST ROW—F. Gillan, J. Fee, J. Guenther, B. Simpson, K. Ettinger, P. Hone, H. McAndrew.

SECOND ROW—H. Inman, I. Abbott, D. Dowsley, R. Huggins, W. Buchanan, F. Fitzpatrick,

H. Talcott, P. Warnick.

THIRD ROW—L. Rinn, C. Ballantyne, E. McKnight, G. Allan, W. Gartrell, J. Bell, D. Styles.



COMMERCIAL TEACHERS

FIRST ROW—W. Smith, G. Chapman, F. G. Millar, B. Lillie, E. Linton.

SECOND ROW—J. Wood, J. Shaw, N. Dixon, J. Boyes, L. Waddell.



TECH TEACHERS

FIRST ROW—J. Baxter, S. G. McCandlish, B. Simpson, D. W. Bates, G. Walker, A. McColl.
SECOND ROW—R. Young, C. Calderone, I. Hamilton, C. Lawlor, J. Shaw, C. Hunter,
H. Cawthorpe, R. Hartwell, H. Alexander.
THIRD ROW—A. Bannerman, J. G. Miller, R. Walker, P. Turner, R. Rodger.
FOURTH ROW—H. Brouwers, P. Gilbank, C. Partridge, H. C. Hawes, R. Trayes.

Westdale's New First Year Course

By B. L. Simpson

Some uneasiness regarding the general course to be inaugurated in Westdale next fall seems to exist. This is due chiefly to misunderstanding. The main reason for the change is to see if some remedy cannot be found which will help students and parents to make a more suitable selection of the courses offered in the Westdale Secondary School. So many mistakes have been made in the past that we feel confident scores of students have not received as much benefit as they would have in a more suitable course.

The new plan will be of much help in two ways. The big gap between primary and secondary school education will be greatly lessened. The students, after spending one year in the school, will be able to make a more intelligent choice of the course they should follow in the future.

During the first year it is intended to make the course as general as possible, but on the distinct understanding that no one will be retarded, no mat-

ter which course he may choose at the end of the year. The new subjects will be a little Algebra, Business Practice, General Science, perhaps a choice between French and Art, some Shop Work for the boys and Household Science and Sewing for the girls, Health Education, and perhaps Music.

It is not only in Westdale that this is being done, because we are shaping our new course along the lines of one to be announced shortly by the Provincial Department of Education. Their new course will apply to all schools of the province.

For the second year a student may choose to continue the general course or he may prefer the Commercial course, the Collegiate course or the Technical course. In order to make this choice as beneficial as possible, it is our intention to discuss this choice with each student toward the end of the first year.

Gentlemen, The King!

By Gordon Hempstock

HAIL! EDWARD VIII: the Prince of Wales, who became King on January 21st, 1936!

This story begins at White Lodge, Richmond Park, England, on June 23rd, 1894, when Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David of Windsor was born. This was an historical event, for never before had a reigning monarch of England seen a great-grandchild who would one day sit on the throne. Edward was the eldest son of Prince George and Princess Mary of Teck, Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall, and the grandchild of Edward Prince of Wales, and great-grandchild of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Hardly had he left the cradle when he took for his motto, "Ich Dien," which means "I serve." He started school at the age of seven. By the time he was ten he had had two years tutoring in the French language.

In 1901, the words, "The Queen is dead. Long live the King!" rang throughout the British Empire. Edward VII ascended the throne. This was a step nearer to the crown for the young Prince Edward, as he was now the son of the Prince of Wales and became known as Edward of Wales.

Edward was sent to the Royal Naval College at Osborne, and later to Dartmouth, where he was treated as an ordinary sailor. He had, for instance, to get up at 6 a.m. and drill with the rest of the midshipmen. Thus, during the eight years of his grandfather's reign, he went to school, for this Prince was taught not to wear the crown, but to play the game. He was so popular with the men at college that he earned for himself the title of "The Sardine."

In 1910, England again heard the words, "The King is dead. Long live the King!" This time George V, the Prince's father, ascended the throne. Edward was made Prince of Wales and a Knight of the Garter.

It was at the coronation of his father and mother that he first donned the coronet of his rank. The mere fact that his crown was more elaborate than his brothers' or sister's showed him his importance to his country. He did not like court life, and was very pleased when his royal father told him he was to continue his naval studies.

He went aboard the Hindustan, a 16,350-ton battleship. The men on the Hindustan were prepared to welcome a shy young Prince to their quarters,

but found they had received a surprise package. Once more the Prince threw off his rank and again became just another sailor. The cruise aboard the Hindustan ended all too soon for the sea-loving Edward.

After visiting France in 1912, the Prince of Wales registered at Oxford University. He wore baggy pants and skipped lectures just as often as the rest of the undergraduates. He visited Berlin, Germany, in 1913, but later returned to Oxford. His college days were cut short by the Great War.

He immediately wanted to enlist in the Navy, but was informed that the heir to the throne could not go to war. Downcast, the Prince asked what he had brothers for. Soon after this he joined the Grenadier Guards.

Edward was disgusted upon arriving in France when he found he was to be aide-de-camp to General French. He wanted to fight. Later, however, the Prince got his chance to cheer the men on to victory and to do some fighting himself. While visiting an aerodrome in Italy, he went up with George Barker, a Canadian ace, who took him twenty miles into enemy territory. They had to fight their way home; the Prince "downed" two enemy airmen.

During King George V's illness in 1928, the Prince performed his father's duties, and since that time he has undertaken an ever-larger share of the kingly obligations.

On January 21st, 1936, the Empire once again heard the solemn words, "The King is dead. Long live the King!" The Prince of Wales ascended the throne, "His Most Gracious Majesty, Edward VIII, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter."

His Majesty was the first monarch of Great Britain to fly in an aeroplane, for he flew from Sandringham, where his royal father died, to London to be officially proclaimed King. Already he has shown that he is to be no figure-head, but a real guiding hand of the destiny of his Empire, which controls one-quarter of the world's population.

Gentlemen, The King!

Long may he reign over us!

A Ramble with the Stars

By Constance Caunt

COUNTLESS thousands of men have lifted their eyes in wonder to the same star-studded sky that bends over us. Princes, scholars, peasants, from time immemorial, have sought to understand its mystery. Yet through the solemn march of years, the majestic unfolding of centuries, the stars have remained coldly aloof from prying minds.

Is there anyone who has gazed upward at these clustered worlds and not felt the meaner things of life fall from him? Surely there never yet lived the man who, face to face with the immensity of space, did not realize his own insignificance, and, realizing it, did not strive to rise above himself, above his petty world, and dwell among the stars.

And why should this be so?

The primitive man who roamed the earth in the dawn of time, if he looked at the stars, did so with the same stir of emotion that still urges wolves to howl on moonlit nights. It was mere brute wonder. Even in the remote beginning, this man-animal possessed a spark of something that the wolves did not. Like other animals, he feared many things—beasts stronger than himself, storms, earthquakes—in short, both what could hurt him, and what he could not understand. Unlike other animals, out of his ignorance and helplessness he formed a desire to appease the powers that might hurt him, and to reverence the things he did not understand. From the former wish developed the ideas of evil spirits, sacrifice, and charms; from the latter grew the religions of the world. Scientists have called the two "the instinct of worship."

Of course, early man, so much the child of Nature, worshipped her greatest miracle—the sky: sun, moon and stars. As man grew, so did his ideas of worship, and since he has not changed fundamentally, neither have they. First the sun was worshipped for its heat and light, then as a radiant god personifying noble qualities, now as the thought of another and greater Who rules the the universe. It was the same with the moon. And the stars? The stars have always been the homes of the gods and the good. Thus men, in blind belief that there must be a Something greater than they, from age to age have lifted their faces to these glistening worlds in search of comfort, of truth, of a thousand things. Long before our time the patient stars heard the questions we ask to-day. Long after we are gone they will still hear them. Some day they will listen in vain when there is not one left to seek the answers to the eternal "whys" of the human race.

As hunter, herdsman, tiller of the soil, man's companions of the darkness have been the stars. Night by night they flickered above tents of skins spread round a crackling fire, above hillsides where herdsmen watched their silent flocks, above river valley dotted with huts and patched with squares of ripening grain. Through the generations men watched these stars. They named them, formed them into patterns, told wondrous tales of figures in the sky. The names and legends live yet to heighten the strange beauty of a starry night with the fantasy of far-off times.

The gradual change of occupation, from hunting to farming, tended to limit man's travels. In the beginning, the game, on which he depended for food, roamed over the earth in vast herds, and of necessity man was a nomad. When he caught and tamed animals of his own, his wanderings became less extensive, being confined perhaps to a seasonal change of pasture lands. Finally the protection and cultivation of his little fields, cares of a farmer's life, held him securely within the curve of his own hills. Now, more than ever, he watched the stars and marked them as they rose and fell in burning constellations. He connected these regular movements with the reasons, and then the true calculation of time began. To hark back thus through prehistoric ages is to make apparent again the subtle fascination of the stars. They are unchanging while all else changes, eternal though all else lives to die.

This very day man stands on a twilight world beneath the pale arch of early stars. He thinks of the stars, recalling figures of size and distance, sometimes a few scraps of poetry. Perhaps he tries to understand what the stars are and how they came to be. But since all thought is strangely self-centered, he soon begins to ponder on that everlasting riddle—whence he came, whither he goes, and why. Let him think long, deeply, and often as he will, yet the answer is ever beyond him.

The wise man who can understand this, and he alone, may look into his heart and there find written these words of one of ancient days:

"There is a joy, cancelling all sorrow, crowning all joys, my reason for being. I live that I may behold . . . the calm beauty of night drawing across the sky, and the evening star slowly sinking into the glow of sunset."



TRIUNE EXECUTIVE

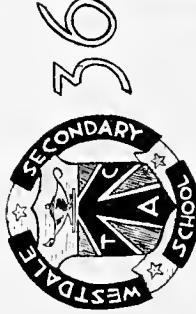


PHOTO — WILFRED JOHNSON STUDIOS
 AG McCOLL BA.
 F.K. ETTINGER B.A.
 G.H. CHAPMAN B.A.
 ADVISOR

ORGANIZATIONS

Triune Society

By Russell Eden

THE first event in the auditorium for the 1935-36 year took place when many eager, expectant students delivered their campaign speeches for the respective offices to which they had been nominated. Alas, only a few can be successful. The following executive resulted:

President	Russell Eden
Vice-President	Dorothy Jackson
Secretary	Louise Griffith
Treasurer	John R. Fee
Asst. Treasurer	Robert McPhie
Collegiate Rep.	Muriel Grapes
Commercial Rep.	Wilhelmina Koster
Technical Rep.	Tom Kernaghan
Le Raconteur	Robert Coulson
Orchestra Rep.	Robert Cattell
Debating Rep.	Laird Jennings
Advisors—	K. F. Ettinger, G. H. Chapman, A. G. McColl.

Our own campaign promise—that you would have nothing to worry about—has kept us stepping to insure just that for you. We have worked, and are still working, to give the students what they wanted in the way of entertainments, and we sincerely hope we have succeeded.

The first business meeting of the executive took place in November. It was decided to meet every Tuesday in A-32.

The Commercial students, under the direction of Mr. F. G. Millar and Mr. Fred Ward, presented the first open meeting on November 22nd. Jean Reynolds, a promising elocutionist, delivered two humorous dramatizations. Eileen Carr, accompanied by Vera Roberts, rendered two delightful solos. The meeting was completed by a humorous, well-portrayed two-act play, "The Royal Spark." The School Orchestra, under Mr. I. W. Lomas, was in attendance.

On December 13th, the members of the Triune Society were entertained by motion pictures, entitled, "The Country Kid," featuring Jackie Coogan. Before the film and between each reel, Pete Malloy and his Kid Collegians favoured the audience with different dance selections.

The Tea Dance was held on December 20th. Hal Hadfield's Orchestra was in attendance.

An Amateur Show took place on January 17th, in which anxious, nervous students showed their talents along the lines of music, dancing, singing and tumbling. The prizes were carried away by Ruth Cole, Roy Wright, Dorothy Gumbly, Ethel Hardy, Dorothy Jackson, Alma Taylor, Mary Walker, and Betty Lumner. Walter Lumsden proved a very capable "Major."

The annual At-Home was held on Friday, January 31st. Many students danced to the musical strains of Hal Hadfield's orchestra beneath streamers of orange and green arranged in an exquisite pattern. The success of the evening was due to the excellent work of Mr. Laird Jennings and his committee.

Miss Dowsley and Miss Boyes directed a play, "Haphazard Historical Highlights," which was presented on Thursday, February 6th. It consisted of humorous historical skits, portraying Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry VIII, Wars of the Roses, etc. Mrs. McAndrew, Mr. McCandlish, Mr. Lomas and the School Orchestra provided the musical settings.

This year's executive organized the first Debating Society at Westdale. We realized that the lack of interest in debates has been detrimental to the best interests of both the students and the school. Although this society is still very young, we have held some extremely interesting meetings under the leadership of Laird Jennings and Vera Thompson. We sincerely hope that next year Westdale may send representatives to the Secondary Schools' Debating Tournament.

The students may look forward with great anticipation to future events: School Play, Junior Party, Easter Tea Dance, and many entertaining Triune meetings.

If the future executives enjoy the co-operation of the students and teachers as much as this executive has, the search for a "school spirit" will be finished and the long lacking necessity will become an accomplished asset.

May the Triune organizations grow and prosper and extend more and more their usefulness to Westdale School and the students.



MODEL AIRCRAFT LEAGUE OF CANADA

(Col. "Billy" Bishop Chapter)

FRONT ROW—A. Wright, G. Snelder, H. Smith, A. Maskell, A. Robertson (Vice-President);
G. Hempstock (President); K. Gregory, I. Carey, T. Reed.
BACK ROW—Mr. Geo. Walker, A. Ramsay, B. Moody, A. Carr, C. Wise, D. Hawkins, S.
Feldman, B. Simon.



RIFLE TEAM

FRONT ROW—B. Inman, Hamilton, Jones, Mr. McKnight (Instructor), B. Donnelly, R.
Stuart, H. Vertlieb.
MIDDLE ROW—D. Fearman, D. Snyder, J. Davies, R. Walker, C. Marriott, John Tinsley,
McNair, J. Bolton.
BACK ROW—C. Fearman, J. Harstone, B. Chard, R. Parlour, B. Caunt.

Old Girls' Association

By Inez Warrender

While still in its initial year, the Old Girls' Association has had much success. Increase in membership and social activities have definitely given it a foundation.

In March, 1935, pins were introduced and purchased by the members.

In June, the membership was increased by the addition of Eileen Foote, Peggy Swan, Jessie Balloch, Jeanette Gray, Isabel Greenhill, Annabelle Smye, Phyllis Hollier, and Marg. McQueen. The initiates were "put through the mill" in short order. Dressed in tunics with skipping-rope belts, with powdered hair and tightly-clutched dolls, the newcomers were officially welcomed into the club. A very sad state of affairs occurred at the corner of King and James Streets, when Mr. Policeman refused to give back to Eileen Foote her doll, which he had so kindly held for her while she daintily pinned a bunch of violets to his lapel. By disregarding the momentary embarrassment of the girls, the initiation could be considered a howling success.

In September, a weiner-roast, held at the Bronte home of Elizabeth Dawson, supplied an evening of fun and entertainment.

On October 9th, the following executive was elected:

President	Peggy Sawden
Vice-President	Doreen Groom
Secretary	Marge Cardno
Treasurer	Phyllis Hollier

Another Advisor, Miss Calderone (who kindly accepted), was invited to join the club.

A new avenue of work was opened up by the club in December. Several Christmas baskets were sent out to needy families. This alone, perhaps, proves the success of the organization.

A dance at Roberts' will conclude the club's activities up to the time this magazine goes to press.

Exchange

By G. R. Richmond and E. Siegel

IN RECENT depression years many schools throughout the Dominion have been forced, through lack of funds, to cut down or, in some cases, to discontinue their magazines. Due to returning prosperity, some of these schools have recommenced publication of their year-books.

Others have enlarged, and added to theirs—pictures, cartoons, and stories. The cover designs have also been improved in many cases.

Internally, we find most magazines have shown little change for better or for worse. There is still a preponderance in some of venerable jokes. In fact, many of our contemporaries are slowly degenerating into mere joke books. With the exception of the above defects, we find that, on the whole, the magazines are decidedly good.

COMMENTS

The O.A.C. Review (Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph)—

You have a very good magazine. We observe, however, that more space is devoted to advertising than to reading matter.

The Twig (U.T.S., Toronto)—

An excellent magazine. Well illustrated. Has an excellent athletic section.

Acta Ridleana (Ridley College, St. Catharines)—

Your paper has a distinct English flavour, which is a pleasant change from the American of most magazines. It could be improved with more stories, and a moderate amount of jokes.

The Magnet (Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto)—

A well-balanced magazine, having just the right amount of form news, jokes, and stories. One seemingly insignificant think which caught our eye was the reinforcement strip along the bound edge of the books. Most school papers soon become torn and dilapidated because of the lack of this thoughtful precaution.

Vox Lycei (Central Collegiate, Hamilton)—

A great improvement over last year. It is much larger, and contains better material. In our opinion, the cover has the best design we have seen this year.

In addition to the above, we wrote to the Parkdale C.I., Toronto; Ingersoll C.I., Ingersoll; Kitchener and Waterloo C.I., Kitchener; Tillsonburg C.I., Tillsonburg; Cranleigh School, Bedford, Surrey; Beck C.I., London; Jarvis C.I., Toronto; Central C.I., London; Victoria College, Toronto; Lower Canada C.I., Montreal; Northern Vocational School, Toronto; Owen Sound Collegiate, Owen Sound; and others..

Unfortunately, some of these schools have proved a little slow in replying to us, while others have not published as yet.



A VARIETY SHOW
 On the evenings of March 12 and 13, the Triune presented its annual "Variety Show". The plays were well directed by J. J. Wood and P. Turner. The dance choruses were under the capable direction of Miss J. Boyes and Mrs. J. Shaw. Costumes were designed by Miss C. Hunter and Miss C. Lawlor, scenery by Mr. R. Walker and Mr. G. Walker. Music was provided by the School Orchestra, under the baton of I. W. Lomas.

THE CAST

"FARE THEE WELL, ANNABELLE"—M. Frearson, J. Gray, A. Palmer, M. Staton, W. Koster, J. Fox, M. Davies, B. Blackburn, M. Donaldson.
 "X=O"—R. Wheeler, I. McNairn, W. Sleeth, J. Vansickle, R. Harris, G. McDonald, G. Richmond, F. Distefan, F. Cloke, H. Katz.
 "THE GAY NINETIES"—M. Frearson, B. Blackburn, E. Russel, M. Kirkindale, I. Davies, J. Fox, N. Lightheart.
 "TEA FOR TWO"—B. Cooley, F. Turner, E. Smith, O. Messacar, M. Duns Moor, C. Pettire, M. Boxlbaum, A. Rogers, M. Leith, N. Knapp.
 "THE CONTINENTAL"—By the Younger Set.
 "BUBBLE FANTASY"—N. Levitt, B. Coulson, J. Gordon, D. Olson, G. Tindale, B. Scott, B. Gilliland, M. Godard, B. Foster, S. Frid.
 "THE PRIMROSE PATH"—Mary Berteling, D. Jackson, H. Hoy, Monnie Berteling, A. Jones, B. Misener, R. Snider, H. Frid, C. Marriott, P. Henderson, A. Robertson, I. McNeil, C. Mitchell, E. Sherring, R. Gill, S. Nickling, R. Dickey, M. Bossence, R. O'Connor, D. Carpenter, Wilma Hall.

SOCIETY — **Daphne Etherington - Morna Barclay** —

"Variety is the Spice of Life."

A TERM without social doings would be like bread without butter, and who likes that? Nobody at Westdale! Hence dances and other entertainments which add zest and variety to our school life.

The year is not yet over, but already the following events have lightened and brightened the burden and gloom of pursuits academical:

THE CAST DANCE

First of the events since last year's "Le Raconteur" went to press was the Cast Dance, held in the boys' gym for the cast of the Variety Show, members of the orchestra and magazine staff. Everyone deserved the good time they had after their excellent performances, and who wouldn't have a good time at a school dance with Fred Sweeney and his orchestra providing the music!

THE EASTER TEA DANCE

It just wouldn't seem right if each term didn't close with a Tea Dance, and so, at Easter, the last social event until the Fall was held. With music provided by Freddie Arthur and his orchestra, the boys' gym was again the scene of this happy event. A record crowd turned out to celebrate the finish of their exams and the beginning of the Easter holidays.

COMMENCEMENT

The Annual Commencement took place in the Auditorium on Friday, November 15. Prizes and other awards were presented in the presence of all parents and friends who cared to attend—and, needless to say, the hall was filled. Speeches of various kinds were made, and medals awarded to those gifted students among our numbers. Graduates received diplomas on their farewell evening at Westdale, and each member of our hockey team received a "W." Many of the teachers, and well-known Hamilton men and women connected with the Board of Education were on the platform, and the school orchestra, as is its custom, provided an excellent program of music.

THE CHRISTMAS TEA DANCE

With the exams over and Christmas just around the corner, what could have been a better send-off

for the holidays than a tea dance! The School Spirit came down to earth for once, and a large crowd, attracted by the rhythm of Hal Hadfield's orchestra, was in attendance.

And so the old year passed into the new, and the first social event of 1936 took place in January. This was the Annual At-Home.

THE ANNUAL AT-HOME

Friday night, January 31, was the date of the Annual At-Home, held in the boys' gym, which was brightly decorated for the occasion in the school colours. Hal Hadfield's orchestra again provided the music. Several of the teachers and their wives graciously acted as patrons and patronesses, and we're sure they enjoyed the dance as much as the students. A short floor show was presented during the intermission, and then the dancing continued till everyone regretfully had to say "Good-night" at the end of another successful Annual At-Home.

THE OLD BOYS' AT-HOME

On Thursday, February 13, the Brant Inn was the scene of the fourth Annual At-Home of the Westdale Old Boys' Association. Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Ettinger, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fee, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. McAndrew and Mr. and Mrs. R. Walker acted as patrons and patronesses. The music was supplied by Bert Niosi and his orchestra, and the Inn was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The committee, McCulloch, Booth, Marlatt, Turnbull and Hedley, must be congratulated on their excellent management of the affair, which was voted a huge success.

THE OLD GIRLS' AT-HOME

Last on our list of social doings was the Westdale Old Girls' Dance at Roberts' Cabaret on March 5, with music by Nick Stout and his orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Bates and Mr. and Mrs. Miller represented the teachers, and an excellent floor show was provided under the guidance of Doreen Groom. Annabelle Smye, Norma Wakeham, Peggy Sawdon, Jeanette Gray, Clara Dell and Doreen Groom made up the committee which arranged the affair, and to these much credit is due for the success of the dance, which was the second At-Home of this comparatively new organization.

ALUMNI

By Peter F. Henderson

WHEN school opened last Fall, we found that many of our friends had left us. Some were working, some were at home, but the majority were continuing their studies at universities. We sincerely hope that these people may continue to enjoy great success and prosperity during the coming years. Listed here are the various places to which our friends and former school-mates have gone.

As usual, McMaster has claimed the greatest portion of our students. Those attending are:

Mary Boutilier, Norah Brown, Elizabeth Chilman, Elizabeth Chubbuck, Eric Crowther, McConnell Davis, Frank Dent, William Doherty, William Duncan, Mary Eager, Velma Shaver and Henry Sprague, stars of last year's Badminton team; John M. Elliot, Joyce Ford-Smith, Wilfred Ginsberg, Lloyd Haines, Paul Johns, Margaret Johnston, whose home is now in Spain; Alex. McKay, Elizabeth Morwick, John A. Oates, Mary Syme, Dorothy Van Sickle, Jean Morley, Inez Warrender, Russell Warren, David Moodie, Marguerite Young and Charles Peebles.

Those accepted by Queens are:

Ben Finkelstein, Haig Leckie, Norm. Clark, Graham Eby, Ed. Hoodless, John Wilson, Gord. Baxter and William Looseley.

Don Manson, Jack Whiteside, Carson McGowan and Phil Ambrose are attending Toronto University. Their sterling work here is proof that they will succeed in Toronto.

With aspirations of becoming a "sojourner boy," George Ward is at Royal Military College, Kingston.

At Business College are the following:

Beryl Baines, Lois Crickmore, William Haslam, Jack Heritage, Charles Scott, and James Morrow.

Normal School has picked up Isabel Greenhill, Betty McKerracker, and Hildred Walsh.

Hoping to become housewives, dietitians and such, four fair damsels, namely, Mary Louise Harrison, Mary Cattell, Dorothy Ketchen and Eleanor Magee, have decided to broaden their epicurean ideals at Macdonald Hall. We wish you the best of luck, girls!

A great many of last year's graduates are taking special Grad. courses at Westdale Tech., while others are in Special Commercial. Those taking special Grad. course are: Kay Clark, George Dragomatz, Richard Gill, Victor Harrison, Gord. Hazell, Tom Kernaghan, Frank Kirk, Webster MacFarland, Matthew McPherson, James Provias, Joe Rosart, Douglas Sager, William Szedor, Albert Young and Russ. Brown.

In Commercial Special are: Ruth Abbott, Ettie Balloch, Freda Cooley, John Greenaway, Wilhelmina Koster, Edith Leith, Dorothy Liss, Helen Smith, Evelyn Swanborough, Constance Count, Grace Meiler, Audrey Jones, Mary Carrington, Helen Hausen, John Van Sickle, Pearl Chaunce, Richard Elstone, Mary Bilton and Jo Spence.

Others at school here are: Norma Crickmore, Arthur Strauch, Marion Thornton, Bert Duncan, Will MacPherson and Lewis Smart. Last year's students at home are: Ivy Blain, Lawrence Chubb, Erma Hamilton, C. Murray, Lorine Wallace, Lloyd Gapes, Albert Baker, Mary Mulholland, Michael Romanoff, Thelma Adams, Myrtle Hoth, Naomi Knapp, Ross Lony, Irene Richardson, Michael Sansone, Margaret Thirston and Frances Thompson.

Some of our students have taken positions in the Westinghouse factory. These include: Margaret Andrews, Emlyn James, Kathleen Slack, Marguerite Swarts, and Florence Bradley. Sam Agro is playing in an orchestra. Tom Andrews is a clerk in Duff's store.

Those who have secured positions in offices are: Mary Elliot, John Hill, Helen Mulholland, Margaret Vichett, Norma Sautos, Eleanor Smith, Norman Wilson and Austen Weatherley.

Mary Fitzpatrick is doing secretarial work; Ava Jannett and Ida Omerod are at the Bell Telephone. Monica McCarthy is in the Remington Rand factory. Nettie Morton is with McDonald's Printing Co. Jean Wilcox is married; we wish her happiness.

Stanley Brezicki is a truck driver, and Edward Burden is a shipping clerk at Eaton's. Leslie Clark has gone in for farm work. Vincent Elliot is sell-

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MODERNS

The French of Quebec

By F. G. Millar, B.A., B.Paed.

IT IS a commonly accepted notion that the French spoken by our fellow-Canadians of French origin is a corrupt "habitant patois," very different from Parisian French; and that, if one wishes to learn French, he should by no means take the easy and inexpensive method of sojourning for a time in our sister province.

Quebec French does differ from Parisian French; but then so does Toronto English differ from Oxford English, and for similar reasons. The people of Quebec were completely cut off from France from the time of the Conquest up to almost the end of the nineteenth century. Even since that time, a comparatively small number of French-Canadians have had any contact with the mother country. It is, therefore, quite understandable that some differences in speech have developed in more than two hundred years of separation.

The French-Canadians, to begin with, were of two classes: the clergy, army officers and civil officials who spoke the court language of the seventeenth century, and the habitants, speaking a composite of the dialects, but mainly the Norman speech of the race of sailors and farmers or Normandy and Brittany. The crucible of time fused these elements into a speech hardly distinguishable from the French of the classical period interlarded with modes of speech and turns of expression derived from the people of the northwest coast of France. You may call this a "patois," if you like, but it is of high descent.

The main peculiarities of this speech have been carefully studied and accounted for historically by a number of competent students. The Société du Parler Français au Canada has collected and published in its journal very complete vocabularies of French-Canadian words. Mr. Adjutor Rivard, author of "Chez Nous" and other fascinating essays on French Canada, wrote a small book entitled "La Langue Français au Canada," which sets forth the main peculiarities of Canadian French.

A few of the characteristic differences may be of interest to readers of this magazine. The first and most characteristic difference is the archaic pro-

nunciation of the "oi" in "moi," "toi," "soir," which is sounded "moé," "toé," soér." Louis XIV probably said "L'état c'est moé." It is easy to prove by the rhymes in the poetry of this epoch that the above was the current pronunciation. The "oui" of the affirmative and of "Louis" was sounded "oué" and "Loué," and so on. At first these sounds are very confusing to one who expects the sounds of Parisian French, and they have been one of the main causes why visitors have thought Canadian French a miserable "patois." They are merely archaisms no worse than the New England "gotten."

The vowel "i" is generally given the open sound, as in English "bit," instead of the closed sound; "ai" is often sounded like the "a" of English "pat" in the ending of the imperfect and conditional tense and elsewhere and the "é" and "ê" are given the same sound.

Another peculiarity is the sounding of the final consonant in places where it is silent in modern French. Proper names like Amyot, Pouliot, Joliet sound the "t." Words like "droit," "froid," are pronounced "drét," "frét" (note the voiceless "t" sound for the final "d" in both singular and plura).

It is quite natural that a race of sea-rovers like the Normans and Bretons should retain nautical phrases even after they had "swallowed the anchor" and set up on shore as farmers, traders and *coureurs de bois*. So a fall of snow is "une bordée (broadside) de neige." To my surprise I was once ordered by a friend: "Amarrez (moor) le cheval!" I am told that "marrer" and "démarrer" are used of automobiles too!

Quaint archaisms abound: "icite" for "ici," "itou" for "aussi." Some small English boys in a certain school were asked by the French master if they could speak French. Nearly all held up their hands. One lad was slow but finally raised his hand with the words: "Moé itou!" Louis XIV would have understood him perfectly even if a modern Parisian would have been puzzled. The word "patates" (potatoes) is universally used for the more modern "pommes de terre." "Patates" is a word about which many jokes have been made, and the car-

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Le Français

Editor, Helen Sadler.

Un Tour de Bretagne

Voyageons en Bretagne par quelques lettres écrites par des gens qui y ont été. D'abord visitons Saint-Malo.

“C'est la patrie de Jacques Cartier, qui a découvert le Canada. C'est aussi la patrie des célèbres marins Duguay-Trouin et Surcouf; la maison natale de Duguay-Trouin existe encore; elle date du seizième siècle. Enfin Saint-Malo est la patrie du grand écrivain Chateaubriand surnommé ‘le Père du Romantisme’.”

Nous partons de Saint-Malo et entrons dans Saint-Brieuc.

“Une place publique est ornée de la statue du connétable Du Guesclin; c'était un guerrier fameux qui combattit toute sa vie contre l'Angleterre. Il fut fait prisonnier par le Prince Noir à la bataille de Navarre; le Prince Noir l'emmena à Londres et demanda une énorme rançon pour lui rendre la liberté.”

Nous nous approchons de Morlaix.

“En 1522 les Anglais capturèrent Morlaix; ils y entrèrent par surprise; mais les défenseurs de la ville se précipitèrent sur les Anglais et les tuèrent presque tous. Après cet exploit la ville de Morlaix ajouta à ses armes les mots ‘S'ils te mordent, mords-les’. C'est un jeu de mots, car les mots ‘mords-les’ et ‘Morlaix’ ont la même prononciation.”

Enfin nous visitons Brest.

“Brest est célèbre par deux batailles navales. En 1694 la flotte anglaise, commandée par Lord Berkeley, fut défaite par les Français. Exactement un siècle plus tard, en 1794, la flotte française fut défaite par l'amiral Howe. Dans cette dernière bataille le navire français, Le Vengeur, refusa de se rendre et fut coulé par les Anglais. L'épisode du Vengeur est une des gloires militaires de la France.”

Il faut que nous terminions notre voyage. Peut-être pouvons-nous le continuer une autre fois.

* * *

Saviez-vous qu':

Un monologue est une conversation entre deux personnes, un mari et sa femme.

Un polygone est un perroquet mort.

On ne trouve pas l'azote en Erin parce qu'il n'est pas trouvé dans un état libre.

Un hypocrite est un garçon qui vient à l'école, en souriant.

Une lettre à Elma Ward de Fernand Forêt:

En France, les députés et les sénateurs qui étaient en vacances vont reprendre leur travail; cela va être un évènement; ils vont sûrement renverser le ministère et aussi le Président de la République. En France, la majorité du peuple est fatiguée du gouvernement actuel, dirigé par Laval qui voudrait s'établir dictateur comme l'a fait Hitler en Allemagne et Mussolini en Italie, mais heureusement nous sommes à la veille d'une révolution et Laval ne fera pas ce qu'il voudra.

* * *

Une lettre à Mary Carrington de Paulette Autenor:

(C'est une description de Nouméa écrite par une fille qui demeure.)

Il faut que je vous parle un peu de la colonie. C'est une île de 50 km. de long, 40 de large. Elle est surtout montagneuse; c'est un pays minier. L'agriculture y est beaucoup développée. Il n'y a que très peu d'usines. L'île est entourée d'une ceinture de récifs qui rend très dangereuse la navigation. On pratique beaucoup la pêche. La population est de 16000 habitants. Vous savez que c'est une île perdue à l'autre bout du monde.

Tous les sports sont pratiqués à Nouméa. En hiver nous avons beaucoup de distractions mais en été nous n'avons rien à part le cinéma, heureusement que le pays est très chaud alors nous allons à la campagne prendre des bains à la rivière, et presque tous les soirs au bord de mer car il n'est qu'à 500 mètres de la maison. Je sais nager mais je fatigue très vite. J'aime beaucoup le bal. Ma soeur joue au basket mais elle préférerait le jeu du tennis.

* * *

Avez-vous entendu celui-ci?

Je n'aurais jamais cru, Russ, que tes études me coûtent si cher, dit M. Eden à son fils.

“Et remarque bien, que je suis encore de ceux qui étudient le moins,” dit Russ.

* * *

Cette conte est-elle entièrement originelle?

Pas entièrement. Vous trouverez un peu des mots dans le dictionnaire.

* * *

Un homme cita en justice son voisin pour l'avoir appelé un rhinocéros. A la cour il admit que la description lui avait été donnée il y a cinq ans.

Mais pourquoi avez-vous décidé de demander l'assistance de la loi, maintenant?

—Eh bien, vous voyez, a répondu l'homme, je ne suis allé au jardin zoologique que la semaine passée.

Die deutsche Seite

Editor, Peggy Bath.

Die Deutschen

Die Deutschen sind Teutonen und gehören zu jenem grossen Teil des Menschengeschlechts welcher die Skandinavier, Holländer und Engländer und sehr viele Bewohner von den Vereinigten Staaten und Kanada enthielt. Der vorbildliche Deutsche hat blondes Haar und blauen Augen und ist von einem ziemlich festen Körper, aber es ist geschätzt dass weniger als ein Drittel von den Bewohnern des Landes von diesem Urbilde sind; die grössere Zahl bei weitem gehört zu einem Urbilde mit ganz braunem Haare.

Temperamentlich, haben die Deutschen gewisse sehr getrennte Kennzüge. Vielleicht ist der wichtigste davon Vollständigkeit. Ohne die Schnelligkeit von dem Franzosen oder die bullenbeisserliche Entschlossenheit des Engländer vollendet der Deutsche Folgen durch schwerfällige Beharrlichkeit die keine Hindernisse beachtet. "Deutsche Schwerfälligkeit" ist ein Sprichwort geworden, aber der Ausdruck Schwerfälligkeit ist keineswegs unhöflich, weil keines Volk tiefer und mit mehr Nachdruck in die Philosophie gegrabt hat, obgleich etwas davon sich verderblich bewährt hat; keines Volk hat fleissiger sorgfältigere wissenschaftliche System ausgearbeitet oder hat die Literatur entweder von dem realistischen oder phantastischen Urbilde von mehr Wichtigkeit hervorgebracht. Kein Land hat mehr erstklassige Komponisten zu der Welt gegeben.

Alle Deutschen im Deutschland sprechen nicht genau dieselbe Sprache oder Mundart. Im Norden ist das sogenannte Plattdeutsch während im Hochland vom Süden das sogenannte Hochdeutsch mit wenigen geringeren Mundarten ist. Das Hochdeutsch ist die Sprache der Schule und der grosse Mehrheit von den Leuten sowohl als die Sprache von der Literatur des Deutschlands.

Die Stadt Berlin

Berlin ist die grösste Stadt auf dem Kontinent Europa, die zweite grösste unter allen europäischen Städten, die dritte grösste auf der Welt. Sie ist das Kapital von Deutschland.

Sie ist berühmt wegen ihrer eindrucksvollen Gebäude, schöne Parke und prächtige Gänge. Der Mittelpunkt von sozialem Leben ist unter den Linden, einer von den berühmtesten Strassen auf der Welt. Am östlichen Ende dieser Strasse ist der Palast worin der Kaiser Wilhelm III. wohnte. Am westlichen Ende ist das berühmte Brandenburgtor welches Napoleon nach Paris im Jahre 1807 abtrug.

Zwischen dem Palast und dem Brandenburgtor liegt die Universität von Berlin, die grosse Bibliothek, die feinsten Hotels und die eleganten Läden; von all den Staatsgebäuden ist das Reichstaggebäude das herrlichste. Im Malen und Bildhauer-kunst hielt Berlin eine hervorragende Stelle. Im Musik hat Berlin sein Konservatorium und sein Orchester welche grossen Einfluss haben. In den Geschäften von dem Theater nimmt Berlin die erste Stelle nicht nur in dem Aufführen von modernen deutschen Schauspielen aber auch in Übersetzungen von Moliere, Ibsen, und Shakespeare.

Eine Erzählung

Ein Fremd verkaufte einer römischen Kaiserin falsche Juwelen. Sie forderte ausfallende Genugtuung von ihrem Mann. Der Kaiser, der ein sehr gnädiger und milder Fürst war, fand es unmöglich sie zu beruhigen und verurteilte den Juwelier zum Kampfe mit den wilden Tieren. Die Kaiserin entschied mit ihrem Hofstatt seines Todes Zeuge zu sein. Als er auf den Kampfplatz geführt wurde, machte er sich auf den Tod gefasst; aber statt eines wilden Tieres, näherte ein Lamm sich ihm, welches ihn liebkoste. Die Kaiserin, äusserst draüber verdrossen, sich zum Besten gehabt zu sehen, beklagte sich bitter desswegen bei dem Kaiser. Er antwortete, "Ich bestrafe den Verbrecher nach dem Wiedervergeltungsrecht. Er betrog dich und er ist wieder betrogen worden."

Witze

"Sie Sind Apotheker, nicht wahr?"

"Jawohl, gnädiger Herr."

"Sind Sie lang in dem Geschäft gewesen?"

"Ja, gnädiger Herr."

"Begreifen Sie Ihren Geschäft gänzlich?"

"Allerdings, gnädiger Herr."

"Das ist Ihr Diplom an der Wand?"

"Das ist es, gnädiger Herr."

"Wohl, geben Sie mir etwas Zahnpulver, zehn pfennig wert."

* * *

Ein ärgerter Kunde: "Bedienter du hast deinen Daumen in meiner Suppe!"

Der Bedienter: "Ach, ich danke Ihnen, Herr, aber das tut nichts. Die Suppe ist nicht heiss, gnädiger Herr."

* * *

Ein junger Mann, der eine zu hohe Meinung von sich hatte, sagte zu einem Kondukteur. "Du! hör' mal! Ist diese alte Arche Noahs besetzt?" Der Kondukteur: "Mit Ausnahme von dem Esel. Springe auf."

MUSIC

Modern Music

By Irwin Goldberg

The younger generation is hailing "swing" music as something typical and expressive of this day and age. Old-timers recognize it as a modified expression of the post-war "jazz."

The current "swing" songs are tricky. The rhythms consist of a set of blended melodies, completely unlike the more sedate and lilting waltzes of another era. The words are usually inane, but their departures from the accepted are comparatively understandable.

Every day our makers of music are trying to find better and more entertaining ways of presenting their material. The straight singer or instrumentalist is no longer news. There must be some special angle of showmanship, some individuality, something that sets a performance apart from the conventional and traditional, before the elusive thing known as the public will sit up and take notice. Where some orchestras seem to have been successful in satisfying the musical appetite of the country, others fail to receive recognition and remain obscure and unknown.

To play what is written in the average copy of a popular song is just to begin to play. The only thing which brings the orchestra into the limelight is when they are different and they have to re-cast and ornament the music before them. Once they learn how to "build up" a piece of music that way then they begin to have style. The leader of an orchestra has much to do with the success of his band, for upon the orchestra is reflected his character.

Scattered throughout the country are thousands of orchestras, and all have set for their mark the top. How many of these actually do reach the top? The public demands something different, and that is what the orchestra leaders have to contend with.

Among the handful of acknowledged leaders of orchestras is Fat's Waller, who has risen from obscurity to his present fame by his inimitable renditions. His modern conception of popular music, combined with an ear for classics, has made him Victor's greatest record seller (B.C.—before creation of "Music Goes 'Round 'n' 'Round").

Eddy Duchin created a new epoch in the history of popular music when he brought his wide technical knowledge of music to the rough and vital energy of jazz. At the present time no piano style is better known than Eddie Duchin's. Hundreds of thousands of radio listeners know without being told that it is Eddie Duchin playing, for none can help but recognize his intricate and inspired musical twist which makes his style so effective.

Duke Ellington became famous by his brilliant playing, featuring unique and daring cross-rhythms combined with strange and broken tempos. His selections give one the feeling of the very spirit of physical Africa moving in stirring rhythm. He has, better than any other orchestra leader, the ability to express himself musically.

Ray Noble has created a new vogue in American music. His orchestra is a perfect example of how a leader characterizes his band. On account of the musicians' union he could not bring from England his own band, but in spite of this, he came over to America, assembled an orchestra, and by his spectacular arrangements of dance tunes forged to the top of orchestral distinction.

Jack Hylton, another English invader of America, who seems to have been more fortunate than Ray Noble, as he was permitted to bring most of his London troupe with him, is a sort of British Fred Waring, and emphasizes stage effects and novelty numbers. His version of the tune entitled "Dick Turpin's Ride to York" is an English counterpart of Waring's "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More."

Fred Waring has risen from nowhere to a place among the prominent array of radio talent. Waring's Pennsylvanians, founded in Pennsylvania State College, began their career as a dance band with a few private dance engagements in their home section, to rise rapidly by endurance, practice and self-sacrifice to their present position, earning last year close to a million dollars.

Guy Lombardo, voted by the radio editors throughout Canada and the U.S.A. as having America's best dance band for 1935-6, has an orchestra that is made up of men who have played together as musicians for years. Beginning what seemed a small career in London, Ont., they rose to a position among the great popular musicians of the era.

Listening to Music

By Wilfrid Proctor

In these days, thanks to the radio—and, in a smaller degree, to mechanized reproduction—fine music, expensively produced, may be easily and cheaply obtained. This no doubt would seem to the majority of us excellent, yet it is not without its drawbacks and may quite easily have the bad effect of dulling out sensitiveness to musical stimuli.

If we are content to employ music as a pleasant background for our reading, conversation or dozing, we need only to switch on our loud speakers and continue our various occupations. But listening to music is an active process which demands our full attention, and unless we concentrate on what we hear, it will, using the old expression, merely come in one ear and out the other, leaving no sediment of meaning or sensation behind it.

Music to-day is so plentiful that we are tempted to regard it too cheaply. Even the few of us who attend good concerts regularly can supplement our experience by means of radio or gramophone. Music is almost literally "in the air," but it is no easier to extract full enjoyment from it than it was before reproducing instruments were invented.

It may be argued perhaps that once the habit of listening to soothing music is acquired it is possible

to relax vigilance and divide attention. Actually the more habitual listening to music becomes, the more difficult it is to attempt anything else at the same time. The distinction between hearing and listening may be illustrated by means of a simple analogy. Listening to our mother tongue is habitual, in a sense that we do not need to make any conscious effort in order to understand what is said to us. That is the effort (for it is an effort, as first formers plainly see, when beginning another language) which has become so natural as to be negligible. However, in music we cannot afford to allow our attention to lapse.

The whole point that I have been trying to make clear may be easily demonstrated by one attempting to read a newspaper and listen to a broadcast speech at the same time. It may not be, of course, utterly impossible, but we realize at once that it demands a special kind of mental application. The average person will find that either the speech or the newspaper will be sufficient to keep his mind comfortably engaged, and in the end he will either listen to the broadcast or read the paper. Music, which, after all, is a form of language, equally demands respectful attention if it is to be enjoyed or be something more than a pleasant noise. To derive any benefit from it whatsoever we must not only "hear" music but "listen" to it.



ORCHESTRA

BACK ROW—W. Royce, W. Brown, M. Swick, D. Oates, K. Burke, R. Cartmell, M. Cochrane, K. Lemmond, E. Wright.

THIRD ROW—Mr. I. W. Lomas, L. Griffith, W. Lumsden, R. Thompson, W. Mummary, J. Feeney, R. Groom, A. Chilman, R. Cattell, V. Bridgewood, J. Young, A. Ward, W. Gilliland, R. Gardiner, R. McPhie.

SECOND ROW—A. MacFarlane, L. Smith, I. Kellar, M. Cattell, B. Laing, K. Mitchell, A. Bertram, D. Mitchell, M. Walker, J. Magill.

FRONT ROW—V. Roberts, B. Harrison, M. Spence, J. Forbes, E. Morehead, L. Linkert, S. Turner, I. Parkhouse, F. Davis, I. Goldberg.

Music

By Irwin Goldberg

The Orchestra had a very full and interesting year and was kept busy practising for its various engagements. It played a very entertaining program at the Royal Connaught Hotel for the anniversary of the Ad Club, besides playing for the Commencement, and Triune programs, the Technical Exhibition, and several church programs. An excellent annual concert was presented by the Orchestra, and those attending enjoyed immensely the new selections played; professional artists assisted.

For the dances and the choruses of the School Play, the Orchestra changed from classics to popular selections, featuring such tunes as: "The Continental," "Tea for Two" and "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle." The scores of these pieces were transposed and written for the Orchestra by Mr. Lomas, who is to be congratulated on his clever arrangements.

The Nature of Music

By Vernon Bridgewood

Of all the fine arts music is, perhaps, the most wonderful, the most uplifting, the most complete. It explores the heights and depths of human passion and human experience, and transports the soul through the entire gamut of the emotions. Music, the gifted child of the imagination, is also the hand-maiden of exact science. It differs greatly from architecture, sculpture, and painting.

Guided by the architect's plans, men hew massive rocks of granite, and lo! the mighty cathedral rises into the air; the sculptor overlays it with lacework of stone, and the painter decorates it with holy pictures to tell the saintly story to those who cannot read it for themselves. And century after century, the cathedral stands, and man may admire its graceful proportions and worship within its portals.

Music, however, is not formed of granite blocks, but of just a succession of sounds which are so modulated that they please the ear. The composer writes it; the musicians play it—and when they pause, all that remains is a beautiful memory, instead of a visible monument. So, compared to the other arts, music is the most ethereal.

Yet it has one advantage over the great cathedral, for the latter can never change its site, while music may be heard at the same time in different parts of the world.

Not only this, but music is a most wonderful language, for it can express more emotion and intensity of feeling than any other language that has ever been spoken.

The use of music as a serious factor in education is bound up with the whole question of art in the national life. Music is being accepted in an increasing number of high schools and universities as a credit or optional subject in courses leading to graduation. Its educational and cultural value in training the mind and developing the artistic sense is becoming universally recognized. All this marks a decided change in attitude from that which prevailed a very few years ago, when music was considered merely a pleasing accomplishment.

Short Waves

By W. Smith

The use of short waves used in radios in the home has been a lifesaver to both the listening public and the radio industry.

In the early days of radio, the chief object of most listeners was to try and receive stations from the greatest distances away. This lust for long distance reception died out when the broadcasting stations started putting programs over the air that were really entertaining. This form of entertainment built up a very large listening audience, and then the depression hit the radio industry. Something had to be done to keep up the sale of radio receivers and satisfy the listeners.

Short waves was the answer.

The crave for a new form of entertainment was satisfied. Also was the old eagerness for distance. Short wave stations in foreign countries were being received regularly and appreciated by people whose sets were equipped to receive these mysterious wave-lengths. Nowadays there are very few receivers built that do not cover the short wave-lengths.

England and Germany are the outstanding foreign countries whose programs are really excellent and are received consistently. Almost every country of any size now has a short-wave broadcasting station being received throughout the world.

Other stations received are amateurs, police and aircraft, but these transmissions are not intended for the listening public.

When tired of domestic programs, the radio listeners can now rely upon short waves to bring them a program that is different.

POETRY

FAR FIELDS

*A fellow at the window of an office does appear,
"Now, why can't I be out of doors, instead of cooped
up here?"
The postman is a lucky chap, just walks from door to
door,
With time to sit and gossip at the corner grocery
store!"
Says posty, on his weary tramp, "Now there's a lucky
man.
In winter he has lots of heat, in summertime a fan,
While here am I, I've walked for miles, with more
miles to be done,
Exposed to zero weather, or else to blazing sun."*

*The young man in his twenties, no job and nought
to do,
Desires an education; here's his opinion, too—
"The students out at Westdale, all, as a general rule,
Are happy and intelligent, and love to go to school."
And yet if you were passing down our noisy noon-time
halls,
But few you'd find were thankful to be within our
walls.
In nearly all vocations and different walks of life
Such petty jealousies exist, and discontentment's rife.
And so I say, my Westdale friends, no matter what
you do,
There's someone on another job who's sure to envy
you;
And if you should be jealous of the other fellow's lot,
Just ask for his opinion, and be glad for what you've
got.*

—Mary K. Cole.

TIME

*One by one, the minutes fly,
Waving farewell as they go by,
Had I the power to stop Time's clock,
I'd silence their warning, tick-tock-tock!*

—May Fleet.

A PRAYER FOR HANDS

*Lord, may these willing hands of mine
Ambition take, and weave it through
With strands of talent all ashine,
And make of it good cloth and true.

But let them not do good alone
For my own self, who need it not,
With kindness make them helping hands
For all the poor and needy lot.

And lastly, when my work is done,
Let feebleness not loose my clasp
On greater Hands, that, reaching down,
Draw me still nearer to the last.*

—Ray Burridge.

EIGHT A.M.

*The world seemed at peace on that cold wintry morn,
As I dreamed of the warm Southern Seas,
But my heart gave a leap—I was jarred from my
sleep—
"If you don't fix the fire, I'll freeze."

"It's time you were up, and your homework's not done,
You must put out the junk before school."
Then there ran through my brain a most bitter
refrain—
"Oh, my! but these grown-ups are cruel!"*

*The bed was quite warm but the room was ice cold,
For the window was thrown open wide.
So I called with a frown, "I am coming right down,"
But I knew in my heart that I lied.*

*I finally got up and I braved the fierce cold,
(For it must have been fifteen below),
But I thought then and there that it wasn't quite fair,
That I should be maltreated so.*

*On some wintry morn when MY son is in bed,
I will get my revenge,—for with joy,
I'll command in a voice that will leave him no choice,
"You get up this instant, my boy!"*

—Roger Parlour.

LE RACONTEUR

OUR AMATEUR SHOW

*An amateur show our Triune had,
Some acts were good, some acts were bad.
The majority on our Major's lists
Were male and female pianists.
Another act with lots of sound
Was a song and dance: "The Music Goes 'Round.'
Four acts there were with dancing feet,
And every one was hard to beat;
A gay and buxom girls' quartette
Sang a song that they are singing yet;
A German band was in rare style,
With three girls and a big bass viol;
A girl who was an acrobat
Made them cheer and made them clap;
Two agile lasses tumbled and rolled—
Their act to the audience they easily sold;
Five "quints" came out to take the gong—
They didn't even sing their song;
A lad, self-taught in music's lore,
Played some selections from his store;
Another act received with joy
Was a song with a uke (both by a boy).
Of elocutions there were two—
Both made us laugh, none made us blue;
Our last, but not least, was a youthful singer,
Her song was one whose memories linger.
And while the Judges' decisions were made,
Jerry came out, and a tune he played.
The prizes were given, the honours won;
The show was enjoyed by every one.*

—Mary Walker.

ODE TO MR. FEE

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

*I think that I shall never see
A teacher quite like Mr. Fee.*

*The man who in A-34
Expounds on treaties, kings, and war.*

*Whose blustery voice is often heard
In sharp rebuke, in kindly word.*

*A week's detention you will gain,
For chewing gum in his domain.*

*His humour and his western tales
Keep us from sleep when history fails.*

*Dates mean a girl to you and me,
But they're meat and drink to Mr. Fee.*

—Anonymous.

SPRING

*A great white giant reigns on high,
His head is crowned with snow.
His northern lights gleam in the sky,
Around him night winds blow.
Great cold blue eyes shine from his brow
And icy gleams his face,
The whitened worlds before him bave
And tremble 'neath his mace.
When all alone a mist doth rise,
A woman taking form;
She raises blue and glorious eyes
And her sweet breath is warm.
With coyly smiling lips she speaks,
And flowers from her hair do fall,
She raises trumpet—blows a blast,
And Nature wakens at the call.
"Awake, dear World!" She spreads her arms,
The cold God thunders loud.
But she sits by in all her charms
And makes for him a shroud.
For with her smile the snows do melt,
The ice creeps farther north.
The grass and flowers begin to grow,
And new life from the ground springs forth.
And then, with a resounding roar,
The Snow-king crumbles overhead.
And skyward, new-born bluebirds soar,
With this glad lay, "The Winter's dead!"*

—Ray Burridge.

MOSQUITOES

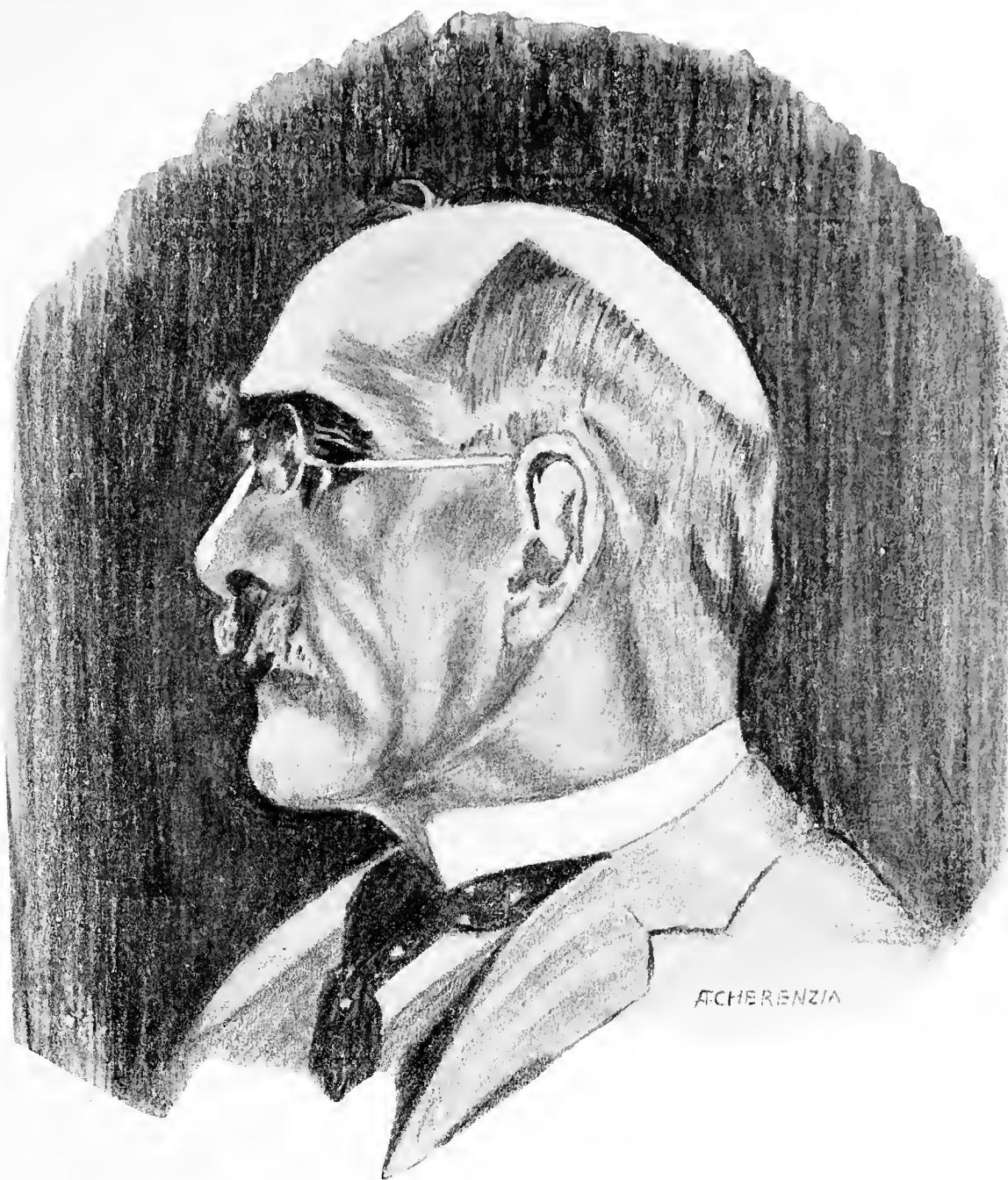
*How much I hate these pesky things—
That drive you crazy with their stings,
That dive and zoom and fly all night,
Until you vow to kill on sight;*

*That take one bite, then two or three,
Some from you but most from me,
Until my body, wracked with pain,
Slithers back to sleep again;*

*To dream of skeeters flying high,
Until I waken with a sigh
To find that dreams do come true,
For my neck would make two—*

*You'll never know until some morn
To a fresh grave I have borne
The last of these I write about;
Meanwhile, sweet dreams, and lights out!*

—Russel V. Brown.



Rudyard Kipling

By Madeleine Presnail

Do you remember reading *Just So Stories* when you were very young? Do you remember reading *Kim* and *Stalky and Co.*? Do you remember reading *The Phantom Rickshaw*, *The Light That Failed*, *Departmental Ditties*? Of course you do! How could you forget them? Almost everyone has read these, for few authors had a wider audience than Rudyard Kipling. Those who have read his poetry or his fiction have been enamoured with it and admire the man who produced it.

The man Kipling is dead, but his mind and soul still live, and will always live, as will the books he wrote.

Born in Bombay in 1865, Kipling was educated in England. He returned to India in 1882, where his life among the people greatly influenced his works. Seven years later, he returned to England and took up residence there. Once more he returned to India, but only for a short time. He married an American lady, and spent four years in Vermont before settling in England.

This great "master" fulfilled his duty in making this world a better place to live in. He passed away on January 18, 1936, and was mourned by old and young alike. His body lies with Britain's greatest heroes in Westminster Abbey.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Abuse and Misuse of Books

By Isobel Grace

TOO many of us regard books as something to be avoided whenever possible, and not as helpful friends. Perhaps this is because we are so often obliged to use them as sources of knowledge. Of course, all good books are sources of knowledge, but many of them can be profitably read for enjoyment's sake alone.

The very young, and very thoughtless student professes to hate books. The wealthy collector pretends to love them. This man stocks his library with rare editions of the old masters, and poses as an intellectual. He will tell you that Milton said, "A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit," but of these master spirits he remains pathetically ignorant. To use books thus for show and ornament is to misuse them sadly.

The student's healthy ignorance of the best in literature, and his abuse of that with which he is unacquainted, is pardonable, but who can find excuse for the careless individual who flings a leather-bound volume on the floor for muddy feet to trample? What can be said in defence of those who allow grimy little fingers to disfigure the best illustrated books?

Whoever is tempted to abuse, misuse, or destroy a book would do well to remember the motto of the Everyman's Library collection of the classics, "Everyman, I will go with thee and be thy guide in thy most need to go by thy side."

LAMB IN HIS BOSOM

By Caroline Millar

Reviewed by Ray Burridge

Lamb In His Bosom is the most unusual, fresh, and fascinating book that it has ever been my privilege to read. And yet I started to read it in haphazard fashion, as one does when making acquaintance with the new and strange. For one thing, its lack of chapter headings perplexed me. But as I got deeper into the story, my interest quickened. I found myself becoming a member of the family it describes, a lover of its characters and scenes.

This is the story of a woman—the most womanly woman imaginable—of her life as a child, her girlhood

in the backwoods of the South, and of her old age. She was an unassuming, plain girl, and her life was such as we moderns would call uneventful, but her courage, humour, and sympathy enlist one's immediate interest.

Lamb In His Bosom begins with Cean, the girl, leaving her childhood home to live with Lonza, her new husband. Lonza is an immense, clumsy, and silent man, but one whose character is a shining light all through the book.

Cean is a true wife to Lonza. She helps him in his work, mothers his children, and braves dangers unknown to the woman of to-day.

Lonza's death leaves Cean stricken with grief, but eventually she again marries, and again her husband is taken from her—this time by the war. Tragedy succeeding tragedy, Cean becomes an old woman with a raucous voice and quick temper. Finally, however, she masters misfortune, and when her husband returns from the war, the two of them settle down to a contented old age.

Lamb In His Bosom is a beautiful book, but one that must not be read scornfully. The story itself is simple, but its descriptive passages, and its masterful portrayal of a woman's soul make it an unforgettable experience.

THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS

By Richard Halliburton

Reviewed by Mary Bishop

In the introduction to his newest book, *Seven League Boots*, Richard Halliburton tells us how he was commissioned to don the boots of story fame, to travel where he would, and to write of whatever pleased his fancy.

The boots took him first to Fort Jefferson, now a ruin, but intended to stand as a Gibraltar to the Gulf of Mexico. Next he travelled to Santiago, where Admiral Hobson sank the Merrimac to block the harbour against the Spanish fleet. On the Island of Haiti, the author viewed the ruins of the immense palace of Henry Christophe, the Black King of Haiti. Believing that Watlings Island is the San Salvador of Columbus's voyage, he there sought proofs to establish his theory.

His next adventure took him to Paris. It was his intention to buy an elephant there with which to cross

the Alps à la Hannibal. Unfortunately, this trip had to be postponed, but another to Russia proved no less interesting. There he interviewed Ermakov, alleged assassin of Nicholas II, Madame Lenin, and Zapara Kint, the oldest man in the world.

From Russia he strode to Turkey, from Turkey to Crete, from Crete to Arabia, from Arabia to Ethiopia, and thence to Paris, where an elephant now waited to take him on his crowning adventure through the Saint Bernard Pass into Italy.

Although *The Seven League Boots* does not contain as many amusing facts and incidents as Halliburton's other books, it does give a vivid impression of conditions in Russia and Ethiopia, two countries in which everybody is interested to-day. Further, the freshness and vigour of its style makes even the instructive passages exciting.

OLIVER CROMWELL

By John Drinkwater

Reviewed by A. Rolls and B. Wase

Oliver Cromwell is a well-written and realistic historical play of eight scenes set in the most important places in England. It has a good deal of action, and quite a few exciting moments. The battle scenes, and the torture scenes are the best ones in the play, but there are romantic parts in this play for those who like them.

The only weak points in *Oliver Cromwell* are the deaths of Ireton and Hampden. Drinkwater does not make clear what happened to them, and he should have, for they are important characters. He could, too, have brought out the details of the battles much better than he did.

This play does not, of course, give an entirely true picture of Cromwell. As Lord Protector of England, he did many rash and cruel things. But it is, no doubt, exact enough from the point of view of Cromwell's family and friends.

THE LUCK OF THE BODKINS

By P. G. Wodehouse

Reviewed by Ken Giffen

This book is one of the funniest novels ever penned by Wodehouse. The setting is aboard the R.M.S. *Atlantic*, which is sailing from England to America. Monty Bodkins, a retired gentleman of considerable wealth, is pursuing his loved one, who has spurned him. During the voyage, Miss Lotus Blossom, a screen star from Hollywood, complicates the worries of Bodkins by making his sweetheart, Gertrude Butterwick, very jealous. Monty Bodkins is placed in a unique situation. He holds the key to everyone's troubles, including those of Ambrose Tennyson, Lotus Blossom, Reggie Tennyson and Mabel Spence.

THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. Lawrence

Reviewed by Ken Giffen

"The sword also means cleanliness and death."

—Lawrence's Motto.

T. E. Lawrence reveals himself fully as a man who, though a scholar by instinct, lived a hard, dangerous and reckless life for the sake of his country. It is written with a becoming modesty, and the scholar and artist is never entirely subordinated to the man of action.

Some of England's leaders, Kitchener especially, were convinced in 1916 that an Arab revolt against the Ottoman Empire would relieve Britain of a great strain, and at the same time help her to defeat her enemies—Germany and Turkey. The British authorities, therefore, encouraged a revolt and promised aid.

The sudden uprising of the Sherif of Mecca left Britain somewhat bewildered. The Arabian tribes did not present a unified front against Turkey, and it remained for Lawrence, a man who had pre-war knowledge of the Arab peoples, their lands and customs, to choose a suitable leader. Lawrence chose Feisal, one of the Sherif of Mecca's sons.

Lawrence organized the Arabs into a formidable fighting unit; he changed their battle tactics by deployment. The rebels struck on the western flank of the Turkish defences and captured Wejh, on the Red Sea. Lawrence and his men attacked the Medina railway, which was a line cutting the Turkish army. The attack was successful, and at this point Britain helped further by supplying war materials and soldiers. Allenby, one of the British commanders, depended a great deal on Arab support, and the influence of Lawrence.

In the spring of 1918, the Arabs had the task of cutting off the railway south of Dereia. This distracted the forces of the Turks from Allenby in Palestine. The Constantinople-Damascus line to the north of Dereia was cut off at the same time; as a result, Allenby's attack on Damascus was successful. Through Lawrence's influence, Damascus was made an independent Arab state, which Britain recognized.

"The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" describes the lands and customs of the Arabs from the earliest times. It shows how much one earnest man can do to help a nation.

The title of the book is to be found in the lines:
*"I loved you, so I drew these tides of men into my hands
And wrote my will across the sky in stars,
To earn you freedom, the seven pillared worthy house,
That your eyes might be shining for me
When we come."*

A Journey from India to Canada via the Pacific

By Joyce Graham

We left our station, Jaara, in Central India, on the evening of March 13, having received garlands and bouquets and good wishes from our many Indian friends gathered to see us off. The five hundred mile trip from Jaara to Bombay is an overnight journey on the "Delhi Mail," which carries His Majesty's mail up through India, so we reached Bombay in the early morning, and soon boarded the Japanese ship "Ginyo Maru," which was to carry us homeward. The N.Y.K. steamships offer good accommodation, good food, and polite, smiling service, making the passengers feel at home. We sailed southward along "India's coral strand" until we reached Colombo, Ceylon, which was our first stop. Here we spent an interesting afternoon in this beautiful, clean, broad-streeted Oriental city set among tall, slender palm trees. It rained while we were in Colombo, and the air was heavy with clove blossoms. Returning to the boat, we found that we were taking over a hundred deck passengers, Indians who were travelling to the Straits Settlements to work in the rubber plantations. Deck passengers have no cabins, but sleep, live, cook and eat on deck at the rear of the boat. In such a mild climate such passage is not uncomfortable if the weather remains fair. After five days we reached Singapore, one of the famous British outposts of the Far East, a beautiful city built of white stone and roofed with red and grey tile. Singapore is an important naval base of the British Empire, so we planned, among other things, to visit the new Naval Headquarters, and were fortunate in being able to spend some hours on board H.M.S. "Terror," one of the great grey destroyers that had played an important part in naval battles in the North Sea during the Great War. While in Singapore we visited a rubber plantation and a rubber factory, watching the process used in rubber making. We were interested to learn that 75% of the rubber used in the United States comes from the Straits Settlements plantations via Singapore. We also visited the beautiful tropical Botanical Gardens, and the Zoo, where we saw many strange animals peculiar to that part of the world.

Leaving Singapore, we sailed northeast up to Hong-Kong—another famous British outpost—a

city on a mountain, a well fortified mountain with its cannon pointing in all directions out to sea and its watch-tower on the mountain top. Here we saw many naval ships lying in wait ready for any emergency. One was conscious of alertness, power and efficiency—that is Britain. From Hong-Kong we sailed in a more northerly direction up the coast of China, past Byas Bay, the home of pirates, passing the great island of Formosa, until we reached Shanghai, a famous Chinese port. Shanghai used to be a seaport, but is now far up the Yangtze River, as year by year this great river pours tons of silt out into the ocean, extending the plains of China farther and farther out into what was the sea.

From Shaighai, with its narrow streets and hustle and markets, we travelled by train to Nanking, the present capital of China. Nanking is a city in the making—new and bare-looking. Here we visited an American university and met many delightful Chinese students and professors, all keen on the building of New China. From Nanking we travelled by the Blue Express, one of China's few good railway lines, to North Honan, where we spent ten days full of interest, especially seeing the work done there by the United Church of Canada Mission under Dr. Gordon Struthers and others. Again we took up the trail, travelling by night to Peiping—or old Peking, the old capital of China—where we spent three days seeing that which was the glory of China's past: the Forbidden City, with its magnificent old palaces with their yellow tiled roofs and high forbidding walls. But the Forbidden City, where once no foreigner might enter, is now a forsaken city, and its treasures and magnificence are but a musuem, a city with "Ichabod" written over it. There is something about China that gives one a feeling of sadness. We sailed again from Tientsin over the Yellow Sea to Japan, where we spent two interesting weeks in that progressive, efficient, alert Island Empire, where the very air is full of progress and intense patriotism. From Japan we sailed on the "Hiean Maru" via the Northern Pacific to Vancouver, the most beautiful port in the world—the gateway to our Canada.

HAMILTON IN MOURNING

By Ellen M. Wade

It was strange, wasn't it, to walk down the streets in the business sections of the city and see the different ways in which different businesses expressed their sorrow for the death of our late King, George V?

Large stores were elaborately draped; small stores and shops expressed their sorrow simply or not at all.

I am sure that all of us saw Eaton's store. Draped as it was, in large quantities of purple and black material, with large shields bearing the initial "G" placed above every window, it presented a very imposing appearance.

I wonder how many of us saw the window of a small shoe-repairing shop on one of the busy downtown streets? Crowded with shoes of different styles, colours, and sizes, with no attempt at artistic arrangement, it immediately told you what it was—the dark, none-too-clean shoe-repairing shop of an immigrant from one of the European countries, who probably could not speak English very well and perhaps could not read it at all.

He had secured a newspaper clipping of our late King, mounted it on a piece of cardboard, set it up in a corner of his window and spread strips of purple and black crepe paper around it. Somewhat different from the draping of our large department stores, yet it expressed the same thing—the mourning of a nation for the death of a King.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TECH GRADS

By Richard Gill

Another year has rolled around, and some of the boys are still coming back for more. It must be the very attractive time-table given to the Grads this year, as everyone seems interested (or should we say irritated!), especially in Mr. Wood's room, or studying the stars in T-5 with Mr. Bates.

Before going any further, congratulations to Tom Kernaghan on becoming Tech Rep. Tommy is a

live wire, and just the one we want to represent Tech in the Triune Society.

If Andy Robertson comes back to school next term, Mr. Simpson is going to give it to him. He thinks Andy has been coming here long enough to own the place (you know—by squatter's rights!).

Then there are a few things we would like to know:

How many times a year does "Ren" Brown have to visit the dentist's, or is it the theatres he goes to?

What is it that "Casanova" Champagne has to attract the fair sex, while the rest of we would-be Romeos are given the cold shoulder—if given one at all?

What did George Dragomautz do with the red oil that was meant for the tail-light of Mr. Hawes' car?

Who is this girl Helen that Dick Gill is so interested in?

What made Vic Harrison come to school for two whole weeks without missing a single period?

Why does Gord. Hazell appear so sleepy during school hours?

On returning to school one morning, after being absent, Cliff O'Reilly gave Mr. McCandlish the excuse that he had to teach a baby how to skate. We got a glimpse of that baby during the week. We wonder what chance there is of us getting her 'phone number!

We warn Jim Provia to take the blonde hairs off his shoulders before going home, as they are conspicuous among his own dark tresses. That goes for you, too, Kirk!

After several years of trying, McFarland has at last made the basketball team. Nice work, "Mac"!

In school athletics this year we had a fair share of glory, with Dragomautz, Kernaghan and Champagne starring on the Junior football squad, and Kernaghan and McFarland on the basketball team. O'Reilly is on the hockey team, too. How about the rest of you fellows getting out and doing something instead of leaving it to someone else?

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SECOND ROW—Robert Shimmell, Helen Tweedle, Winnifred Harrison, Audrey Jones, Marjorie Staton, Norma Lightheart, Irene Davis, Evelyn Haynes, Margaret Carrington.

BACK ROW—Douglas McKenzie, Ray Johnson, Russell Dickie, Bill Stewart, David Smith, Phillip Flanders, Bill Lewis, Gordon Macdonald, Reg. Lake, Howard Whatmough.

ABSENT—Freda Cooley, Bill Walsh, Bob Coulson, Florence Kehn, Jean Lowry, Richard Elstone, Helen Cozens, Eileen Cook, Albert Nelson, Alice Palmer, Ettie Balloch, Margaret Colhoun, Wilhelmina Koster.



FORM REPS

TECH SHOPS

DRAFTING DEPARTMENT

By Russ Dickie

No, a draftsman is not a man who opens and closes windows! A draftsman is a man who makes the language of industry express and record the information necessary for building machines and structures of all kinds.

An inventor or designer often spends weeks, and even months, on some design or plan, because it is less expensive to make things work out on paper than to experiment with materials.

The essential qualifications of a good draftsman are the power to visualize, and the ability to make drawings with accuracy, clearness, technique, speed, and neatness. To do this, he must know: mathematics, physics and mechanics, chemistry, and English.

Further, a draftsman needs a working knowledge of all shops, that he may design his work in such a way that it can be economically produced.

Drafting is not, therefore, just a matter of drawing straight and curved lines. It is, rather, the hardest subject in our technical course, because it embraces all the rest.

THE WOODWORKING SHOP

By Charles Bartolotta

To the average student, a tree is just part of the general scenery, but, to the Woodworking student, it is an absolute necessity, providing man with food, heat, shelter, clothes, comforts, means of defence, and implements of agriculture. The standing tree has only 40 per cent. wood value; the remainder is used for wall boards, tanning dyes, pulp, etc. Moreover, the lumber value of the log does not exceed 40 per cent. That is why the woodworker has so high a regard for all trees. So small an article as the lectern, from which morning prayers are read in the auditorium, required 600 board feet of tree, and, incidentally, this lectern was made by the Woodworking specials.

The equipment of the Westdale Technical Woodworking Department is probably the most modern in the country. The machinery in it is, for the most part, direct motor-driven, which eliminates loss of power, and the danger of loose belting. The hand tools used in the shops are of the very best "makes," and are exactly like those used by skilled craftsmen

in the various woodworking trades. The shop contains enough benches for 68 students; of these 48 are single or individual benches. Each student is supplied with a bench kit of tools, and special tools can be obtained by the class leader at any time.

General woodworking is taught to beginners. They start by making camp stools, tabourets, small tables, medicine chests, candlesticks, etc. More advanced students are taught carpentry, cabinet making, and, if they desire, carving. Jobs for various parts of the school are done by "specials."

Pattern making is taught to those students who are going to follow an "engineering course," and to the woodwork specials. Patterns for metal castings, forgings, and sheet metal products are made. Each pattern introduces new problems, such as: levers, wheels, gears, pulleys, core boxes, etc. Patterns of parts of cars for the "Motors" Department, and special ones for the Machine Shop are made by the woodwork specials. Practically all articles of metal are cast from patterns made of wood.

The cleanliness and bright atmosphere of the Woodworking Shop make the work of the students in it a healthful and agreeable task.

THE MOTORS DEPARTMENT

By C. Strohm

If you have ever rambled along the lower corridor of the Westdale Technical School, you have passed the department of the handy man—The Motors Department. But have you ever been inside? Visit it some time. Its "grease slingers" are quite harmless. They are, indeed, a happy and agreeable lot, for they realize that they are working at a job which will be open so long as automobiles and aeroplanes are used.

All types and makes of cars are brought into the school. In some, the boys install heaters; in others, rear axles and transmissions are repaired. It is sometimes difficult to find the trouble in the older cars because of the squeaks, rattles, and knocks, but the boys are nothing if not persistent.

The building of tractors gives the students all kinds of experience—bending iron, drilling holes, cleaning and washing parts, and sometimes the manufacture of parts. This course also includes instruction in the painting and decorating of the tractor when it is finished.

LE RACONTEUR

PRINTING DEPARTMENT

By Russ Brown

"And this our noble art of Printing is the very foster mother of all learning; for although the few had books before John Gutenberg gave us our art, not until Printing came could Learning, yea, and Wisdom also, knock at every man's door."

—From the Latin of Cardelius, 1546.

It is indeed fitting that Printing is being taught to-day to pupils in Secondary Schools. Perhaps too few people realize just what this noble art has meant to the civilized world.

Without Printing, civilization would perish, and with it all other arts except the barbaric. In addition to its cultural power, Printing has become the most influential force in Commerce; the best means of bringing sellers and buyers together.

Beginning with Columbus, who found the philosophical theory of a round world printed in a book and became immortal by proving the theory to be a fact, a newer and greater world was discovered, chiefly through incentive found in printed books. With the introduction of power-driven factories came the necessity for wider markets, too extensive to control by word of mouth. Printing was gradually found to be the most economical and effective sales agency and the printer thus became premier in the cabinet of King Commerce. To-day, Printing is one of the leading industries of the world, employing thousands of skilled workers in its many branches.

The Printing students of Westdale are under the able guidance of Mr. H. C. Hawes, our new instructor, who has given us many valuable pointers on Printing.

The course includes, not only Printing, but its many related subjects, such as History of Printing, Art, English, Mathematics and other subjects connected with Printing itself.

In the later part of the course, the students receive a more intensive and practical training in designing and printing many fine pieces of work.

A VISIT TO THE BERTRAM WORKS

By R. C. Snider

The other day I was privileged to spend a very profitable hour on a visit to the Bertram Works, Dundas. An invitation was sent to the school for a group of students to go out and see a mine hoist, machinery used to haul ore from the depths of the earth to the surface, where man changes it to suit his many needs. We arrived at the plant at about

three o'clock and passed through the machine-shop, which was divided, by the construction of the building, into long aisles. Passing up the first aisle we noticed on either side of us shaping machines which were in various stages of assemblage. One, built in the plant and completely assembled, was demonstrated to us, and it seemed remarkable the ease with which so many operations could be performed. The mine-hoist, which we then saw, weighed a total of twenty-nine tons, and the drums that the cables were wound on had diameters of about fifteen feet. The small governor at one side seemed to fade into insignificance when it was compared to the drums it controlled. The next aisle we reached seemed to be the busiest part of the shop. On a large milling-machine they were cutting a gear twelve or more feet in diameter, having teeth two inches wide. Overhead, cranes rattled up and down, hoisting at one end of the building a small wheel, then moving to the other end and picking up a whole machine weighing half a ton. We saw men working on castings valued at hundreds of dollars, rings of stainless steel for a paper pulp mill and machining the insides of various shaped pieces of cast metal. Thus we left the machine-shop to pass on to the pattern-making end of the business.

On entering the pattern-shop we were greeted by a silence broken only occasionally by the hum of a saw, put in use for a few minutes, then shut off. Yet here was the connecting link between the inventor's ideas and the finished article, whatsoever it might be. Man has reached a stage in his existence where he cannot do without the pattern-making trade, and few people seem to realize its importance. Here we saw patterns that a small pocket would hold, and others that required large crates to transport them any distance. We also noticed many points about which we are taught in our own pattern-making department.

Back of the pattern-shop was the foundry, and here again were illustrated for us points which we sometimes found hard to see. We saw how they dug places in the floor into which they poured the molten metal. They were not working that afternoon, but the cupolas or furnaces were there to see, as well as parts of the moulds themselves. We passed through a small door into the sunshine of the afternoon and we felt that our time had been well spent.

A Short History of the Olympic Games

By H. W. Bentley

IN THE year 1896 there were held in Athens, Greece, the first modern Olympic Games. They were a great success. The cream of the amateur sportsmen of many countries participated in various contests and the event was hailed as visible evidence of the ties that still unite the nations of the world. In view of the fame these games have gathered to themselves in our modern world, and the widespread interest that has been created in them, it would indeed be interesting to delve into their history.

The event of 1896 was the revival of the most prominent and elaborately observed of all the Greek religious festivals. The festival took the shape of funeral games, celebrated in honour of Zeus. The "Sacred Grove," containing the sanctuaries connected with the games, lies in the territory of Pisa, in the shelter of Mount Cronus, at the junction of the Claudeus and Alpheus Rivers. The people of Pisa controlled the Games at the outset, but the Eleans, a stronger race from the north, eventually gained control of them. At this time a legend came to light claiming Hercules founded the Games, and that they were revived by the Spartan Lycurgus, and the Elean king Iphitus in the year 776 B.C.

In ancient days time was often reckoned from the Olympic festivals. The year 776 B.C. marked the beginning of such reckoning, and the four years after it were known as the first Olympiad, the second Olympiad beginning in 772 B.C. Originally there was little interest in the Games beyond the territory of Pisa. Their popularity spread through the Peloponeseus, and by the end of the sixth century B.C. they had become famous wherever the Greek tongue was spoken.

The original Games were run under very trying conditions. The heat at the time of the Games, late in June or early in July, was so intense as to be almost unendurable in the Sacred Grove. On account of the heat the men were forced to compete in the nude. Women were excluded from competing in or observing the Games by the religious and moral ideas of that time. For a space of ten months before the Games, those who wished to compete in the Games underwent a course of training in the gymnasium at Elis. This occurred in the days when Elis held control of the Games, from 776 B.C. almost to the time of the Roman conquest of Greece. The Elean judges decided who was to be allowed to participate in the Games from

their performance in the training period and later decided the winners in the actual contests.

In historic times the Games always began with a sacrifice to Zeus, and ended with a feast, the intermediate time being reserved for the athletic contests. The Games probably never lasted more than five days altogether. The Games began their existence with a single event, a foot race on unprepared, dusty ground, for a distance of 600 yards. The racing tracks were not added till a later date. Gradually new events were added, the first being another foot race, twice the length of the first. At the eighteenth festival the Pentathlon was incorporated in the program. The word itself means contest in five kinds, and the Pentathlon consisted of contests in running, jumping, casting the spear and the discus, ending with wrestling. The next innovation was the boxing tournament. But boxing of those days little resembles the popular sport of our day. The arms and hands of the contestants were wrapped with leather and iron bands, making the sport exceedingly dangerous for the competitors. In 680 B.C., the four-horse chariot race was introduced along with the Pancratium. The chariot race became the most popular event of the Games, being run nine times around the hippodrome, a distance of nine miles. The Pancratium was never far behind it in point of popularity. The Pancratium was a particularly cruel combat, containing all the worst features of the boxing and wrestling contests. The winner was decided upon when his opponent was utterly incapable of carrying on with the fight. The only other major innovation of the Games was the race for heavy-armed soldiers, introduced in the year 520 A.D.

This is the probable program:

First day—Sacrifice to Zeus.

Second day—Chariot races, horse races, Pentathlon.

Third day—Boys' events.

Fourth day—Men's foot races, wrestling, boxing, Pancratium, race in armour.

Fifth day—Feast.

The Olympian ceremonies grew out of the famous Greek funeral rites. The festival expressed the Greek way of honouring their gods by popular and tumultuous rejoicing. The athletic contestants had to be of pure Hellenic blood, and it is to be noted that they became most popular during the

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Persian Invasions, when the Greeks' common enemy, the Persians, forced the quibbling Greeks closer together than ever before. On the approach of the festival, heralds were sent into all the Greek States and Colonies to proclaim a sacred truce. The officials must have held a tremendous power, for Sparta, the most powerful state of the time, once had to pay an extremely heavy fine for taking up arms during the sacred truce. Even the famous and powerful Philip of Macedon had to apologize for an insult made to an Olympic visitor by one of his soldiers.

Several interesting stories have been uncovered in connection with the Games. The prizes were originally tripods and other objects of value, but in the seventh Olympiad the crown of wild olive was introduced on the advice of the Delphic oracle. When a winner of an Olympic contest returned home with his crown of wild olive, a section of the wall of the town was torn down, so that he did not have to enter the town through the gate. The significance of this act was that, when the town had such stalwart young men to defend it, it had no need for walls as a protection. The competitors in these Games were definitely not amateurs. Although the prize the victor received at the Games was insignificant as far as monetary value went, when he returned with that crown to his native city it meant great privileges for him. By the Law of Solon, Athenian winners were given a sum of 500 drachmas. In most cities a winner was exempted from taxation and given other privileges, among which was the use of the best seat in the local theatre free. Any Spartan victor was unable to take money because of the moral code of his race, but he was given the honour of fighting in his king's immediate bodyguard in battle.

Polydamas was one of the "he-man" heroes of the Games. He won his reputation in the Pancratium, where he was acknowledged as the greatest athlete ever to win it. He played tricks on the charioteers. He merely reached out one hand, grabbed the back of the chariot and stopped the whole contraption, the four horses included! At one of the Olympic festivals he is on record for killing a lion. But he was also rather absent-minded. He took to swinging bulls about his head. That was all right till one day he forgot to let go of a poor beast soon enough, and the bull went winging its way from Polydamas minus its four hoofs, which remained in the cruel, thoughtless hero's hands!

Kleomedes was a rather upsetting sort of chap. He killed a man in the boxing tournament and he was very "upset" when the judges did not give him

the prize he had won. Needless to say, this bold Greek was angry, so he went back home and into the town school house. There he pulled away the pillar that supported the roof and "upset" the building. Although this strong fellow was not killed, it is said to relate that he "upset" permanently some fifty scholars in the building at the time. The story does not tell us what they did to Kleomedes for his nefarious deed—perhaps they did not indulge in strong literary language in those days.

After the Romans conquered the Greeks, they supervised the Olympics and lifted the ban on foreigners competing. It is interesting to note there are names of Roman emperors and notables on the roll of Olympic victors. In the year 396 A.D., the Games were terminated by an edict of the Roman Emperor, Theodosius. But in 1896, exactly 1500 years later, they were again revived in Athens, Greece. Among the races was a long distance run from Marathon to Athens, held in honour of the gallant run of Phidippides during the Persian Invasion to give news in Athens of the rout of the Persians at Marathon.

The games at Athens aroused the spirit of amateur athletic competition throughout the world and the Olympic Games have become a permanent feature of our national life. At four-year intervals athletes from many different countries have gathered to compete for the honours in various events. The rewards for the victors are now medals, in place of the wild olive crowns of the original Games. Games were held at Paris in 1900, at St. Louis in 1904, at London in 1908, at Stockholm in 1912. The meet scheduled for Berlin in 1916 was cancelled on account of the war. However, the Games were resumed with even greater success than before at Antwerp in 1920, again at Paris in 1924, at Amsterdam in 1928, and at Los Angeles in 1932. This year the Games are being held in Germany. At the time of writing the winter section of the Games has already been completed, with the national honours going to Norway. The varied program was held in the German Alps at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, and in spite of the squabbling that took place among the officials, the Games were a great success. In 1932, at Los Angeles, about two thousand athletes took part in the contests, but it is hoped that Berlin will surpass that mark this summer. In conclusion, may we dare to hope that the committee room squabbling that has marked the winter games will be non-existent during the summer session!

SPORTS

BOYS' SPORTS

Editor, A Vila

The season of 1935-36 has seen the banner of Westdale raised high in every field of sport in which the school participates. The first sports activity since the last edition of *Le Raconteur* was track. A small but speedy squad made a fine showing at the District Meet, and shared the honours with Delta and Tech. During the Spring and Summer months, Westdale was excellently represented in the great sport of rowing by our eight-oared crew.

The Autumn of 1935 saw our football teams again striving for the league championships. The Senior squad, coached by "Vince" Bryant, was one of the best ever produced by the school, and deserves much credit for the great fight that they put up. The Junior team, ably tutored by Jim Gilliland, started the season as if they were going to take the Wentworth trophy again. They lost many valuable players to the Seniors, however, and were defeated in the semi-finals.

This Winter the school hockey team, coached by Bill Smith, have turned in fine performances in the exhibition games that they have played so far. If there had been an Interscholastic Hockey League this year, Westdale would have repeated the achievements of last year's championship team.

The Senior and Junior basketball squads, under the instructions of Coach Allan, are now half way through their schedules. The Seniors are in third place, but are expected to pull up on the leaders

in their remaining games. The Juniors have a very good chance of winning their title, for they are now in second place, one game behind Commerce.

SENIOR RUGBY

Team members: Flying wing, Hill; halves, Duncan, Howard Awrey, Misener; quarter, Hardy Awrey; snap, Wheeler; insides, Vingoe, Webber; middles, Morris, Marriott; outsides, Webb, Tindale; substitutes, Kernaghan, Foley, Burns, Cattell, Lumsden, Lambo, Smith, Bawtenheimer, Ferguson, Wright, Halford, McLaughlin, Champagne, Cherenzia, Blain, Warner, McKenna.

Westdale 8 - Delta 6

In their first Senior Interscholastic rugby game, Westdale's gridders broke into the win column by dusting off the Delta boys to the score of 8-6. It was a clean, even battle all the way, and a fine display of rugby. The Westdalites had a decided edge in the first part of the play. Their line held well, enabling Duncan and Lumsden to lift away their beautiful punts with plenty of time to spare. The backs were safe and sound in the majority of their catches.

Duncan started the booting for Westdale, and gained the first point by a kick to the deadline. Lumsden came on when Duncan was injured, and kicked another deadline to put Westdale two points up.

Delta then adopted the forward pass method of attack, but most of their attempts were knocked down or intercepted. Fine kick-

ing by Johnson, and a Westdale penalty, put Delta within striking distance of our line. Schwenger then plunged the ball four or five successive times to carry it over for a touchdown. Johnson converted, to make the half-time score 7-6.

Early in the third stanza, a twenty-five yard pass, from Halford to Awrey, paved the way for a single, the last score of the game. As the game was ending, Delta tried forward passes in an attempt to score, but Westdale's kicking kept the enemy out of the danger zone.

Cathedral High 7 - Westdale 3

Westdale next came up against the Fighting Irish, from Cathedral, in an exciting game, for the leadership of the group was at stake. Although the Orange and Green lost, it was only after a close, well-played fixture that was not decided until the final whistle. For the losers, Duncan's pivot work and kicking, the open-field running of the Awreys, the line work of Halford and Webber, and Ferguson's tackling, were outstanding. Westdale's end runs were often successful in gaining yards.

Starting against the wind, Westdale was forced back on each exchange of kicks. A blocked kick on Westdale's five-yard line was pounced upon by Jordan for Cathedral's touchdown, which was unconverted. A long run by Lumsden to recover his own kick, and a plunge for yards by Howard Awrey, put Westdale in a scoring position. An attempted placement was blocked, but West-

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dale got possession again on a Blue fumble. Duncan kicked to the deadline. He followed with a touch-in-goal, after Howard Awrey had run a kick back fifteen yards. After much play at centre-field, Duncan took a short kick at the Gael quarter, and Howard Awrey went around the end for fifteen yards. Another attempted placement failed, and the half ended without further score.

Layden started the second half by recovering his kick-off and running to the Westdale quarter. He then booted to the deadline to make the score 6-2. Duncan intercepted a Gael forward and completed one for Westdale. He followed with a long kick that forced Layden to rouge. After a Westdale fumble, and successive line plunges for yards, Layden forced Howard Awrey to rouge.

In the final period Westdale kept Cathedral on their line, but were unable to score. Westdale tried a forward passing attack that did not produce any scoring and the game ended Cathedral 7, Westdale 3.

Tech 18 - Westdale 15

One of the greatest upsets of the season came when Tech defeated Westdale in the last minute of play on a blocked kick that resulted in a touchdown. Westdale's playing was far better than that of the Engineers, but the latter took advantage of every break and gained many points in this way.

After the kick-off, Westdale forced Tech back on an exchange of kicks. A fumble behind the Tech line was recovered by Howard Awrey to give Westdale an unconverted touchdown. The teams settled down to aerial warfare, with Duncan outdistancing the efforts of the Technicians. The quarter ended as Duncan kicked to the deadline.

Westdale kept Tech with their backs to the wail, and after a twenty-yard forward pass, Duncan to Howard Awrey, Hill caught Duncan's onside kick for a major score, which the latter converted. Westdale continued to press with line plunges, but two forward passes were intercepted. After a fumble by Westdale on her fifteen-yard line, May of Tech, plunged over for an unconverted touchdown. Play continued at centre-field. A Tech kick, that went over the Westdale back's head, was flopped on by May for a converted major score. The half ended Westdale 12, Tech 11.

The third period did not produce any scoring except when Howard Awrey was rouged by Johnston, after Tech had blocked a Westdale kick. In the final stanza, Duncan's kicking kept Tech on the defensive, and resulted in three singles for Westdale. With but a few minutes to play, Westdale had the ball at centre-field, and to the fans it seemed all over but the shouting. Duncan attempted a kick, but Tressam broke through, blocked the kick, and carried the ball over the line to win the game for Tech. The touchdown was converted, and the final score was Tech 18, Westdale 15.

Westdale 7 - Central 0

Westdale downed the league-leading Central gridders in a sea of mud to win the right to enter the league playdowns. It was Duncan's outstanding kicking that produced all the points for Westdale. The Awrey brothers, Howard and Hardy, gave a fine performance of open-field running to keep Central continually on the defensive. Central did not get out of their own territory except for a few minutes in the third quarter.

The game opened with both teams attempting forward passes.

This form of attack did not produce results, and the players settled down to plunging and kicking. The scoring was opened when Savage was rouged on one of Duncan's long hoists. After a Central fumble, Duncan booted to the deadline. He then added another single when he forced Savage to rouge on another kick.

In the second period the Red and Black line stiffened, and Westdale's gains in kicking were offset by line plunges by Hotz and Etherington. Westdale's fourth point came when Goshgarian was rouged on Duncan's kick.

Westdale continued to have the edge on the play in the third quarter. Tindale blocked and gathered in an attempted kick by Annan; Duncan booted to the deadline. This was repeated after a few minutes of play to make the score 6-0.

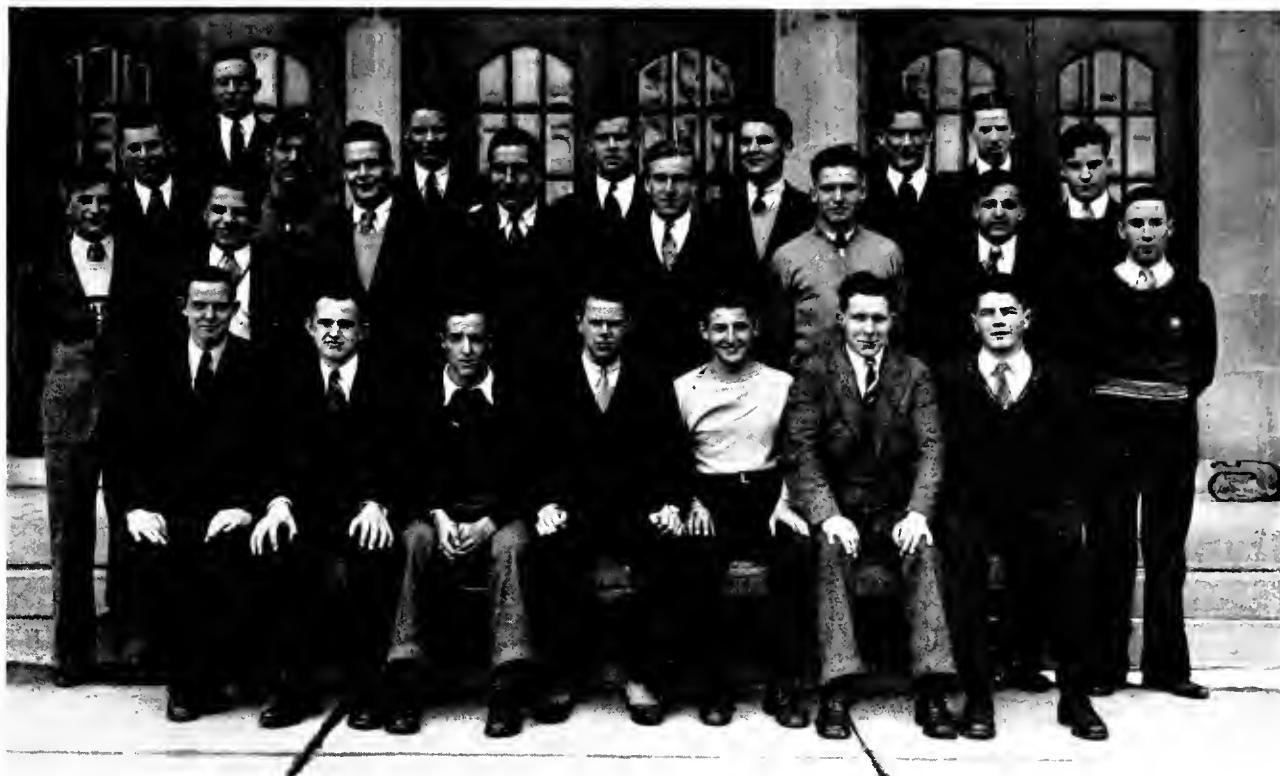
As the game neared its close, Central attempted many forwards, but could not complete them. Duncan's kicking kept Central in her own territory, and added the seventh point by means of another deadline.

Semi-Final

Central 9 - Westdale 1

Westdale played off with Central in this semi-final game. Hopes were running high that the team would repeat the 7-0 defeat handed out to the Red and Black at our last meeting. But a vastly improved Central came out on the muddy field and emerged victors by a score of 9-1. For Westdale, Duncan got the soggy ball away on some fine hoists. On the back division, Misener and the Awrey brothers shone, while Vingoe, Webber, and Wheeler, did some nice work in the line.

Central started the scoring in the first quarter when Awrey was rouged on a kick by Szumlinski. In the second quarter Central swept down the field in a series of



SENIOR BOYS' RUGBY

FRONT ROW—J. Ferguson, Howard Awrey, G. Lambo, D. Duncan (Captain); J. Lambo, N. Smith, T. Kernaghan.
 SECOND ROW—P. Bawtenheimer, G. Webb, J. McKenna, T. Hill, G. Tindale, Hardy Awrey, L. Champagne, A. Blain.
 BACK ROW—D. Groom, R. Cattell, L. Halford, C. Marriott, B. Marsales (Manager); B. Misener, P. Foley, Ed. Brown (Trainer); C. Burnes.
 ABSENT—E. Wright.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

SITTING—G. Lambo, C. Burnes, T. Souter, J. Hargreaves (Captain); R. Mosley, J. Feeney, D. Connell (Manager).
 MIDDLE ROW—C. Hamann, D. Macklin, I. McNeil, J. Wheal, B. Studd, H. Soule, R. Walker, P. Foley.
 BACK ROW—Brown, A. Freeman, H. Penny, T. Kernaghan, Howard Awrey, P. Bawtenheimer, L. West.

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brilliant plays, climaxed by Waterman's touchdown. Westdale's lone point also came in this quarter when Duncan forced Savage to rouge.

As the second half started, excellent running by Awrey, Misener and Morris carried the ball to within scoring distance of Central's line, but the team was unable to score. Szumiński then scored another rouge for Central, and Waterman added two more in the final quarter to finish the game 9-1.

JUNIOR RUGBY

Team members: Flying wing, Newton; halves, Freeman, Kernaghan, Bawtinheimer; quarter, Hargreaves; snap, Brown; insides, Walker, Wheal; middles, McNeil, Foley; outsides, Burns, Souter; substitutes, Lambo, Moseley, Dragomautz, Hamann, Studd, Penny, Soule, Craig, West, Wheeler, Awrey, Macklem, Webb, Feeney, Beatty.

Westdale 9 - Central 1

Westdale started the Junior Interscholastic rugby season on the right foot by defeating Central by the score of 9-1 at the H.A.A.A. grounds. Kernaghan did all the scoring for Westdale, gaining two placements and three rouges. His kicking was the outstanding feature of the game. Hargreaves, at quarter, handled his team in daring manner to put them in scoring positions, and then was content to lay back and play sound defensive football. Foley was the best of the Orange and Green linemen. Newton also turned in a very commendable performance. In this game Westdale looked like one of the outstanding teams in the Junior group.

Westdale 18 - Commerce 0

Westdale Juniors, showing much greater ability than the Office Boys, took the lead of their

group by riding roughshod over Commerce to the tune of 18-0.

The first quarter was scoreless. In the second stanza, Foley carried the ball over for a touchdown, and Kernaghan booted three singles. The third quarter saw Souter intercept a Commerce lateral pass and run twenty yards for a touchdown. Freeman kicked two singles to make the count fifteen. In the closing minutes of the game Kernaghan kicked a placement to complete the total. Kernaghan, Foley, Hargreaves and Walker played well for the Orange and Green.

Delta 12 - Westdale 2

Delta Collegiate upset the dope in the Junior Football League when they took the strong Westdale team into camp by the score of 12-2. Westdale turned in a steady brand of football, but were not equal to the flashy play of Delta.

Delta had a decided edge in the play of the first quarter, but were unable to score. An attempted placement went wide and was run out by our backs. In the second quarter Freeman had a kick blocked and Yost, of Delta, fell on it for a major score, unconverted. Westdale then marched up the field, and Freeman booted to Miller, who was rouged. The half ended 6-1.

At the beginning of the second half, Freeman scored again when Hughes was rouged on his kick. Then Hughes ran thirty yards to get another touchdown for Delta. Miller nearly got a third touchdown when he picked up a bad snap and ran thirty-five yards. Delta made it twelve in the final quarter by a deadline by Miller and the final score was Delta 12, Westdale 2.

Westdale 4 - Cathedral 4

This hard-fought game between Westdale and Cathedral had

about as close a finish as ever seen in Interscholastic rugby. All the way through the game it looked as if Westdale would down the Gaels. With two minutes to go, we were leading 4-1, but the team was on the defensive, fighting in its own territory. The ball was fumbled, Cathedral secured possession, and after Westdale held the aggressors for two downs, Begin kicked a beautiful placement to tie the score at 4-4.

Semi-Final

Delta 1 - Westdale 0

Counting their only point in the first quarter, when Miller kicked to the deadline, and then holding off their pressing opponents until the final whistle, Delta defeated Westdale by the score of 1-0 in the Junior Interscholastic Rugby semi-final. This put Westdale out of the running, while Delta went on to win the title.

Delta opened with an attack of end runs, which helped their offensive considerably. After Hughes and Taylor combined for twenty yards, Miller kicked the winning point. The kicking honours were even for the first half. Tom Kernaghan had a slight edge in the second half, but could not get the points necessary to win. He kicked the ball over the Delta goal-line several times, but Hughes, fleet-footed flying wing for the winners, ran them all out to save the game for his team.

In the last quarter, Feeney recovered a Delta fumble fifteen yards out from their line, but instead of trying for an almost certain single, it was decided to attempt a placement. This was blocked, and Delta got the ball to win the game.

Besides Kernaghan's kicking, Foley did some effective plunging, and Bawtinheimer played well.

TRACK

The Westdale track squad made its 1935 debut at the Indoor Track Meet at the Armouries in March. The only event in which Westdale secured a place was the half-mile relay, in which we came second. The team, Ferguson, Slaght, Awrey and Lumsden, ran a great race only to be beaten on the last leg by the b'ack flash, Sammy Richardson, running for Toronto Central Tech.

At the District Meet at Scott Park, each member of the team turned in a commendable performance, and as a result Westdale was tied with Delta and Tech for the meet championship.

In the Senior quarter, Tom Malloy ran a lovely race to secure second. "Whitey" Frid cleared eleven feet to take the Senior pole vault with ease. Don Duncan and K. Clarke were first and third, respectively, in the high jump; Clarke also placed third in the discus throw. J. Harrison came in third in the 880.

Westdale as usual captured a large share of the honours in the Intermediate competition. Jack Ferguson was first in the 120 yards hurdles, and third in the 100 yards dash. Howard Awrey won the 440. V. Reid was third in the half-mile; F. Curry second in the shot put. The half-mile relay, consisting of Awrey, Ferguson, Slaght and Lumsden, won their event in fast time. In the Junior events, Young was second in both the 100 and 220 yards dashes.

The winners of the District Meet went on to Toronto the following week to the Ontario championships. Here the competition was much keener, and Westdale had to be content with three thirds, Tom Malloy in the Senior 440, "Whitey" Frid in the Senior pole vault, and Jack Ferguson in the Intermediate hurdles.

ACTIVITIES IN GIRLS' SPORTS

By Helen Tweedle

Under the guidance of Miss Huggins and Miss Boyes, the girls of Westdale have gone far in making a name for the school in all sports—basketball, volleyball, tumbling and dancing.

BASKETBALL

Personnel of the Senior basketball team:

Margaret Hilborn, jumping centre guard (captain).

Margaret Nixon, side centre forward.

Margaret Spence, right forward.

Mary Warren, left forward.

Janet Gray, left forward.

Milticent Frearson, forward (sub).

Edith Fletcher, left guard.

Helen Tweedle, right guard.

Florence Flocke, guard (sub).

Personnel of the Junior basketball team:

Andrena MacFarlane, jumping centre guard (captain).

Agnes Drake, side centre forward.

Winnie Hunt, right forward.

Alice Paimer, left forward.

Marian Smith, forward (sub).

Merle Marshall, forward (sub).

Joyce Fletcher, right guard.

Mary Lofthouse, left guard.

Vera Thompson, guard (sub).

Miss Huggins deserves to be congratulated both on her choice of teams, and her coaching of them.

Up to date, the Junior team holds the city championship, and the Senior team holds the Consolation Cup and are challenging the Central team for the right to the championship.

Westdale at Normal

The Seniors began the year in an exhibition game with the Normal Seniors, winning with a score of 27-15. The forwards played an excellent game. Mary Warren gained ten points.

Central at Westdale

An exciting and enjoyable game was staged on the home floor. The Westdale sextet showed superiority throughout the game with an impregnable guard line. Score 15-11.

The Juniors completely walked away with their game against Central. Winnie Hunt packed away — baskets. Score 25-17.

Tech Juniors at Westdale

The Tech sextet showed an edge throughout the whole play, winning by a score of 19-35.

Westdale at Commerce

The Senior team put up a good clean fight to retain first place. Marg. Spence, as chief scorer, netted 12 points. This game was close right to the end. Commerce won by two points only. Score 21-19.

The Juniors brought home honours with a score of 25-17.

Westdale at Delta

On January 15 both Junior and Senior teams went down to Delta and brought home victories. In the Senior tilt the Westdale team had a continual edge in the play. Score 19-11, with Mary Warren netting 13 points as chief scorer.

The Juniors won a very open game with a score of 20-11.

Westdale at Central

Westdale Seniors lost to Central Seniors by a score of 14-10 thus breaking the tie and putting Westdale girls in second place.

The Juniors won by a score of 25-18, retaining their lead in the league.

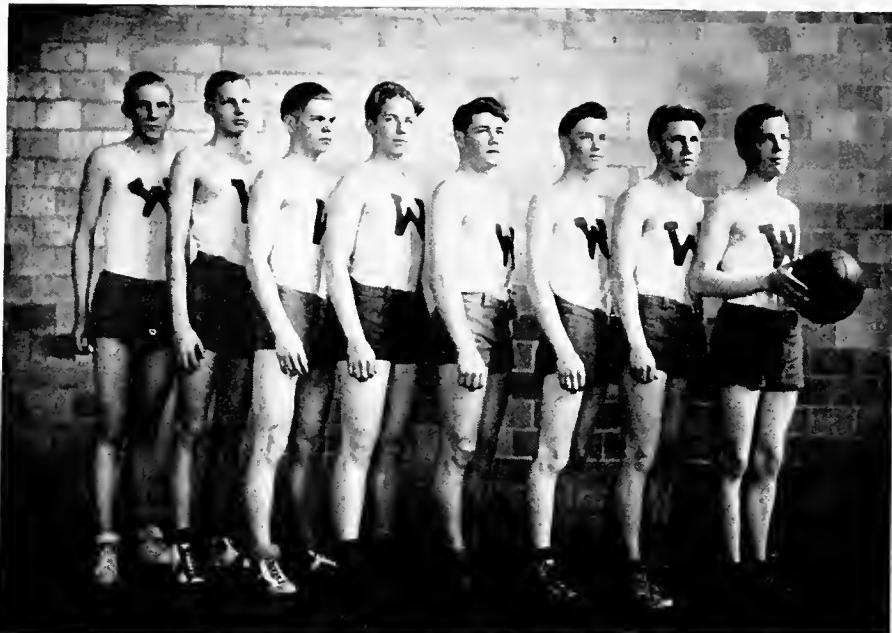
Commerce at Westdale

In a very exciting game the Seniors were victorious with a score of 27-25. Janet Gray put on a beautiful display of shooting, scoring twelve points.

The Juniors won by a score of 20-14.

Delta at Westdale

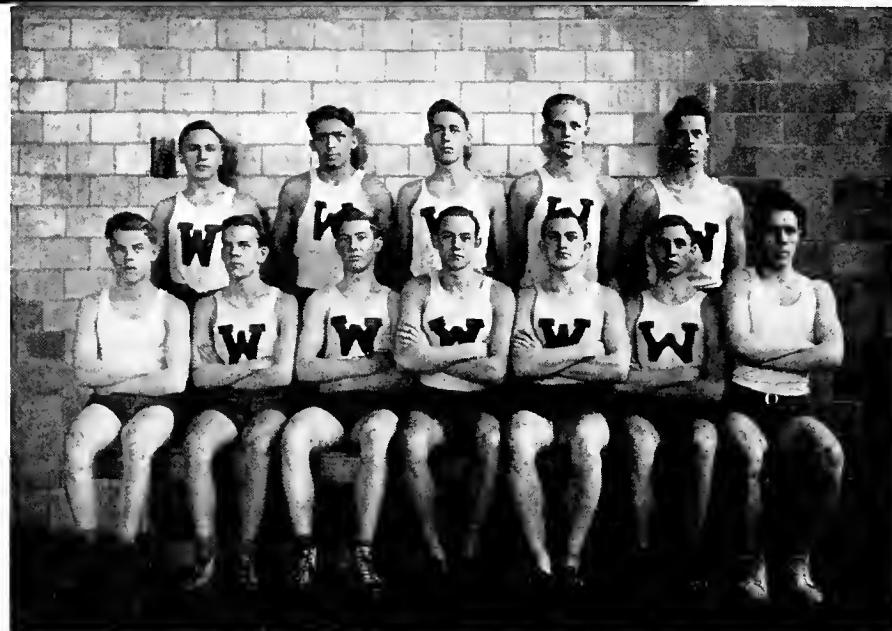
On February 13 Westdale was victorious in both games. The



Junior Boys'
Basketball
Team

Left to Right:—

C. Hamann
D. Lynn
J. Cheaf
B. Studd
T. Kernaghan
W. MacFarland
D. Inrig
A. Sommerville



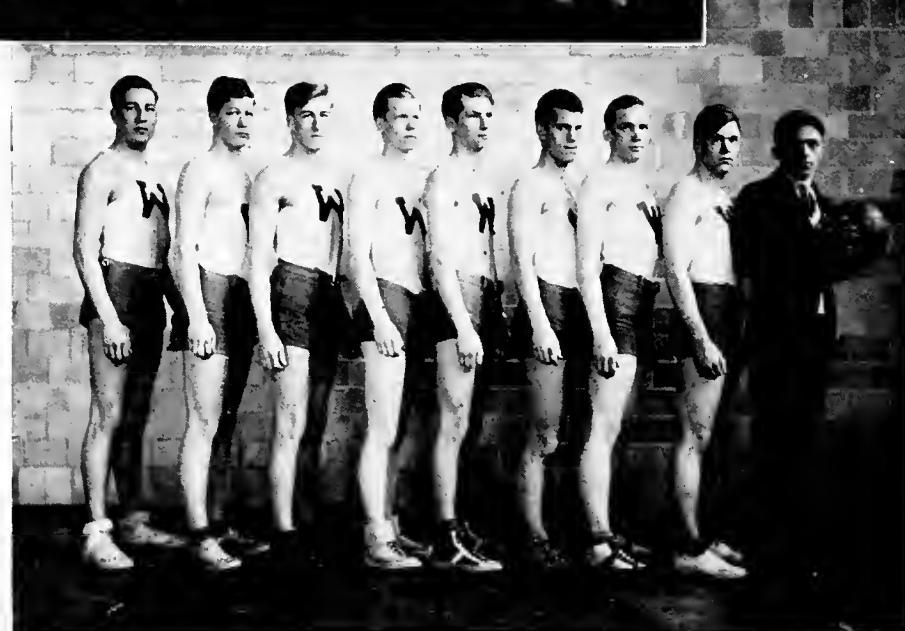
Track Team

Sitting:—

D. Allingham
Wilfred Crocker
L. Hutton
J. Ferguson
Howard Awrey
D. Finlayson
N. Smith

Back Row:—

T. Gressick
N. Levitt
J. Younge
S. Frid
D. Duncan



Senior Boys'
Basketball
Team

Left to Right:—

T. Hill
K. Giffen
G. Tindale
Don Olson (Capt.)
B. Misener
J. Lowrey
Hardie Awrey
D. Morriss
N. Levitt (Mgr.)

**Senior Girls'
Basketball
Team**

Front Row:—

B. Morris (Mgr.)
M. Frearson
E. Fletcher
F. Flock

Back Row:—

M. Spence
M. Warren
H. Tweedie
Miss Huggins (coach)
M. Hillborne (Capt.)
M. Nixon
J. Gray



**Badminton
Team
"Interscholastic
Champions"**

Back Row:—

A. Menzel
R. Snider
P. Burke
M. Bigger
L. Howe
E. Stitt
E. Colquhoun



Front Row:—

H. E. Inman
E. McDonald
J. Jackson
B. Harrison
B. Hoth
P. McNeil
M. Clark
M. Bilton
M. Cattell
L. Spalding



**Junior Girls'
Basketball
Team**

Left to Right:—

Miss Huggins (coach)
M. Warren (Mgr.)
A. Macfarlane (Capt.)
A. Drake
M. Smith
A. Palmer
M. Marshall
D. Thompson
J. Fletcher
Absent:—
M. Lofthouse



HOCKEY TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT—Mr. W. Smith (Coach); Mr. Turner (Treasurer); B. Menet, L. Paddon, D. Southwick, Howard Awrey, Don Duncan, C. Marriott, S. Frid, Knight, Ed. Brown (Trainer); B. Laird, Hardy Awrey (Student Manager).

Seniors had an edge throughout the whole game, due to the good team work.

The Juniors played a good game, with Alice Palmer gaining ten points, and Andrena MacFarlane showing good guarding.

INTER-FORM BASKETBALL

This competition enables Miss Huggins and Miss Boyes to find good players for their teams and affords enjoyment for all taking part. Last year the Senior basketball championship was won by a team composed of girls from 4th Form Collegiate. The Junior title was won by a first form Commercial team C1C.

The schedule for this year has not yet been completed.

SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL

Last season at the Central Collegiate gym a tournament was held, Westdale entering a Senior and Junior team.

In the play-offs the Juniors were the victors, beating a Junior team from Delta.

The Seniors were not so fortunate, however, losing to Delta by a

score of 21-19, but in a challenge game Westdale Seniors defeated Delta by 21-15.

INTER-ROOM GAMES

In 1934-5 the Senior Inter-room Basketball championship was won by I 3 C, while A 26 took the Junior title. A 37 carried off the Senior volleyball and A 26 the Junior.

This year A 35 has won the Senior basketball and A 24 the Junior. The volleyball championships have not yet been decided.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Team members: Guards, Lowry and Awrey; centre, Hill; forwards, Olson and Misener; alternates, Wright, Giffen, Morris, and Tindale.

Central 26 - Westdale 18

Westdale's Senior basketball squad opened the season against Central at our gymnasium. In this wide-open game Central got going sooner than our cagers and scored 13 points in the first half, to five for Westdale. In the second period Westdale played much better, and held the winners to

thirteen points, while our boys ran up thirteen. Don Olson was high scorer for Westdale, with eleven of the eighteen points to his credit. Misener added three more.

Delta 27 - Westdale 23

In their next fixture, played at the east-end gym, Westdale's basketeers could not break their losing streak. The encounter was spectacular and closely fought, as the score indicates. The winner was not decided until the last few minutes of play. Olson again led the scoring for Westdale, sinking twelve points. Hill and Awrey accounted for four apiece.

Westdale 27 - Cathedral 20

The senior team won its first game of the season when it played on Cathedral's floor. Tim Hill netted twelve points for his team, mostly on his sensational long shots. Don Olson, the Swedish flash, turned in another good performance as he sank six points. On the rear division, Lowry and Hardy Awrey continually broke up Cathedral's plays, besides scoring seven points between them.

Westdale 21 - Commerce 18

Our cagers completed the first half of their schedule by downing Commerce on our own floor. This was the closest game yet played, as Commerce led most of the way through the game, but Westdale scored six points in the last five minutes to win. Misener and Hardy Awrey each played a nice game to turn in eight points apiece. Hill completed the total with five.

Central 34 - Westdale 17

In their second meeting with Central, the Westdale boys were again beaten by the league-leaders. In the first half, play was close, and at half-time, Central was only leading by two points, having scored eleven to Westdale's nine. But when the players returned to the floor, the boys from Central ran wild and out-scored our basketeers 23-8. Hill and Olson between them chalked up thirteen points for the losers.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Team members: Guards, Studd and Kernaghan; centre, Lynn; forwards, Inrig and Somerville; alternates, McNeil, Wheal, Goldberg, Hamann, McFarlane.

Westdale 24 - Central 20

The Junior cagers started the season on the right foot by defeating Central in a thrilling game played on our floor. Al Somerville looked the best for Westdale, scoring fifteen of his team's twenty-four points.

Delta 22 - Westdale 21

A last-minute basket by Isbister turned an apparent victory into defeat, in this Junior game played on Delta's floor. Somerville again scored fifteen points, and Inrig, on the same forward line, sank four.

Westdale 20 - Cathedral 16

In their third game, Westdale Juniors handed out a defeat to the Irish. The forward line of Inrig, Lynn and Somerville, com-

bined in fine fashion to score sixteen points, and Tom Kernaghan, on defence, brought the total up to twenty.

Commerce 17 - Westdale 15

Westdale dropped another close junior game in this encounter with the High School of Commerce. During the first session Westdale had to be content with five points, compared to the ten that Commerce scored. After the rest period, our cagers came back strong, but Commerce managed to retain the lead, although it was cut down to two points. Lynn and Somerville starred for Westdale, scoring thirteen points between them.

Westdale 19 - Tech 9

Westdale's junior team next trounced the Engineers in a slow game that was played on the Wentworth Street floor. Westdale led all the way. The team was ahead by a score of 13-6 at half-time, and outscored Tech 6-3 in the final period. This game ended the first half of the junior schedule, with Westdale in second place, one game behind Commerce. Since Commerce defeated our boys by only two points in our first meeting, our chances for the Junior title are very bright.

Westdale 23 - Central 15

Our Junior squad had a big margin in the play of this game on Central's floor. They took the lead from the start, and were never headed. The five regulars, Studd, Kernaghan, Inrig, Lynn and Somerville, played the whole game and combined together in excellent fashion.

HOCKEY

Team members: Menet, "Mac" Paddon, Marriot, Awrey, Laird, Swan, Lloyd Paddon, Southwick, Vingoe, Frid, Duncan, Knight.

After a very successful hockey season last year, which brought to Westdale the City Interschol-

astic title, it was decided to again form a hockey team and try to repeat our success. In order to raise funds to support the team, a show was put on last Fall in the auditorium. Many well-known figures in Hamilton sport, including Sam Manson, as Master of Ceremonies, "Huck" Welch, of football fame, and Syl Apps and George Williamson, of the Tiger Hockey Club, appeared in support of the team. Then the other collegiates decided not to have a hockey league this year. Consequently, our team had to play exhibition games to fill out the season.

Westdale 2 - Commerce 2

The hockey team played its first exhibition game at the Barton Street Arena against the High School of Commerce. It was a rather slow game, as our team had not played together enough, and the combination was not clicking. One of the features of the game was Menet's goal-tending. He continually batted down shots that seemed almost certain to score.

The scoring was opened in the first period, when a Commerce attack, completed by a nice passing play, beat Menet, to put Commerce in the lead. In the second canto, Don Duncan banged in a long shot to tie the score. Commerce again went into the lead when the puck was batted in during a scramble in front of our net. Lloyd Paddon retaliated with a long shot to make the score 2-2. There was no scoring in the final period, and the game ended 2-2.

Pickering College 5 - Westdale 3

Westdale's hockey team next travelled to Newmarket to play Pickering College Firsts. Although the boys were unsuccessful, they made a fine showing against this team. Menet's goal-keeping, the checking of Vingoe, Paddon and Southwick, and

LE RACONTEUR

Frid's scoring of two goals were the features of the game.

In the first period both teams scored a goal, Westdale's on a solo effort by Frid. In the second stanza, Stevenson put Pickering one up and then added another at the beginning of the third period. Frid scored his second goal on a pass from Vingoe. Pickering then scored two more goals to clinch the game. Westdale tried a power play, but could only get one goal, when Lloyd Paddon bulged the twine.

Kitchener 5 - Westdale 2

In a thrilling hard-fought battle played at Kitchener, Kitchener Collegiate defeated Westdale by the score of 5-2. Our team missed many scoring chances that might have won the game. The encounter was fast and clean from start to finish, with only one penalty being handed out. Vingoe and Duncan did the scoring for Westdale.

ROWING

By Albert Duffin

Although few of the students knew it, Westdale had an eight-oared crew last Summer. Last March Mr. Hunter asked for volunteers, and out of about twenty fellows who turned out, a crew was formed. The boys trained strenuously all Spring and Summer at the Leander Boat Club. They were coached by Mr. Earl Eastwood.

The crew's first race was on the 24th of May at the Leander regatta on the bay. Out of two boats in the race, we came second. On July 1st we raced at Toronto. Although we had the outside lane of a curved course, we flashed across the line a good second to Bloor Collegiate of Toronto.

We had better luck at the Caledonia Regatta, and won by a boat-length. Our last race was at the Henley Regatta at St. Catharines. After breaking a few oars

and banging into a few shells, we managed to come in third. In this race we bet our sweaters against the hats of the Buffalo Westsides. We still have their hats.

The fellows who made up the crew are, from bow to stern: Jimmie McKenna, Stew Inman, Jim Hill, Chuck Marriot, Reg. Wheeler, Ben Sharpe, Bill Haight, Gordon Tindale, and Albert Duffin, coxswain. During July, McKenna hurt his wrist, and his place was taken, in different races, by Dick Gill and "Couzan" Sanzon.

BADMINTON

By Marguerite Clark

During the last six years, badminton has rapidly become more popular in Westdale, and is gradually taking its place among the major sports. It may interest the students to know that the "Badminton Club" is one of the few self-supporting ones in the school. Words of praise should be voiced in favour of our coach, Mr. H. E. Inman, who has spent so much of his time and who has diligently coached each individual player on the team. His efforts have not been in vain, however, for once more Westdale Badminton team have become the city champs. They also hold a well-earned victory over the McMaster University team.

Tribute has been paid to previous teams, but for the members of this year's team congratulations are in order. Faced with the loss of such stars as Mary Cattell, Betty Chubbuck, Mary Eager, Velma Shaver, and Moira Williams, the remaining three veterans were not particularly enthusiastic for the possibilities of this year's aggregation. However, the girls practiced hard from the first few days of school in the Fall. Early in November the trials began and from the seventy-odd contestants the following

earned these positions in order of merit: Muriel Cattell, school and interscholastic champion; Marguerite Clark, second best in the interscholastic; Betty Hoth, third best in the group; then, Peggy McNeil, Joan Jackson, Margaret Biggar, Eileen McDonald, Mary Bilton, and Betsy Harrison.

Westdale at Central

The matches with Central were fought with determination and ability, resulting in victory on the round, of Central 7, Westdale 33. The outstanding matches among the girls were Muriel Cattell's rather one-sided triumph over the experienced Laura Dorsey, Central's best. Betty Hoth had little trouble defeating Kay McArthur in the second ranking singles match. Before the return match Marguerite Clark challenged and defeated Betty Hoth to earn the right to win the return match against Kay McArthur.

Westdale vs. McMaster

Our ranking first and second players were outplayed but not outfought in the McMaster tournament. M. Cattell, to win, would have to turn back the city and district ladies' champion. The scores were Helen Bryce, McMaster, 11-2 and 11-5.

Then Marg Clark drew as her opponent, Betty Chubbuck, of Thistle Club fame. We lost, but later received revenge by victories in the ladies' and mixed doubles. The best singles match of the night was Betty Hoth's victory over Mary Eager, last year's champion at Westdale. The youngest member of the team, Eileen McDonald, thoroughly trounced Miss Jamieson, of McMaster, an experienced player. Joan Jackson and Mary Bilton won single matches for the school. The girls also shared in six victories out of eight mixed doubles matches, an enviable record for the girls of 1936.



McCONNELL DAVIS
Won Hamilton Rotary Club Scholarship in Chemistry at McMaster.



JEAN MORLEY
Won Gordon C. Edwards Scholarship in Modern Languages, obtaining first class honours in every paper.



PAUL JOHNS
Won S. J. Moore Scholarship in Mathematics and Physics.



MEDALISTS

SITTING—E. Batten, W. Saunton, A. Bertram, I. Hastings, D. Gumbley, Gladys Job.
BACK ROW—S. Nickling, G. Richmond, Robt. Begg, G. Snider, Dick Moore, Herbert Houston.



ALAN VILA
Won R. H. Foster Medal for First Prof. in Middle School, obtaining 12 first class honours.



JOHN OATES
Won Thomson Scholarship for first Gen. Proficiency; Moore Scholarship for first in Maths. and Physics; Matthews Memorial Scholarship for first in Science; 2nd Carter Scholarship; James Gill Gold Medal for first Prof. in Upper School exam.

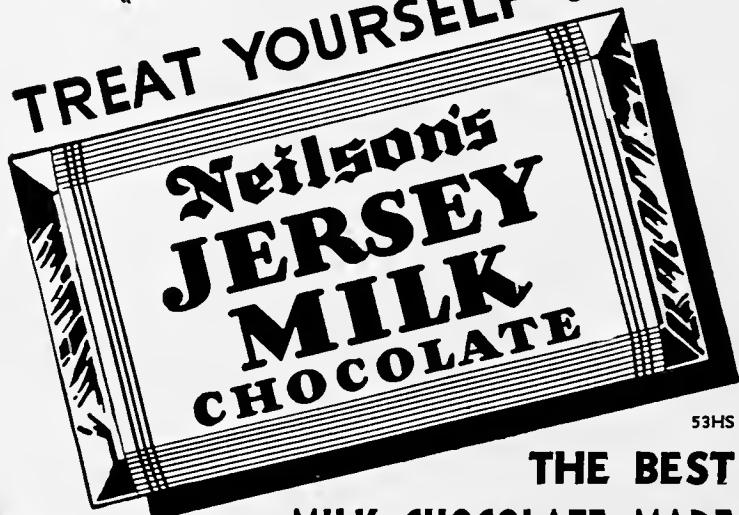


ALAN ALWAY
Won Middle School Canadian History Prize, donated by St. Hilda's Chapter, I.O.D.E.

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Fig. 1 RIGHT HONOURABLE

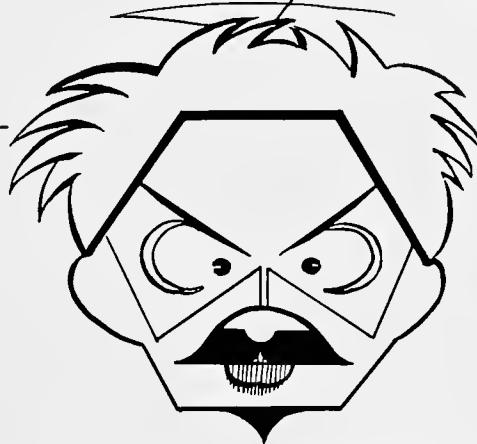


Fig. 2 DEPOSED RULER



Fig. 3 THE LOST HOPE

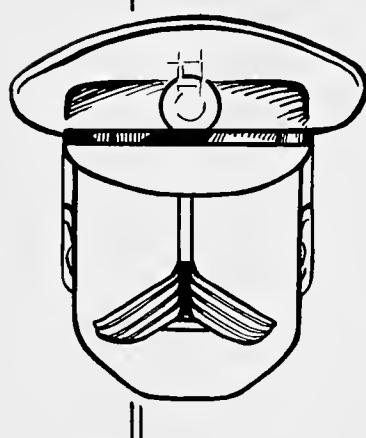


Fig. 4 BRITISH FIELD MARSHALL

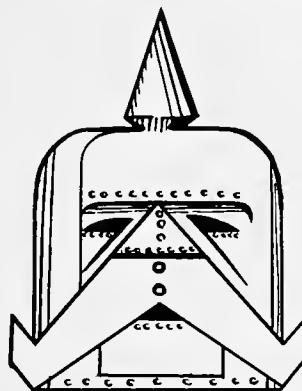


Fig. 5 MAN OF STEEL

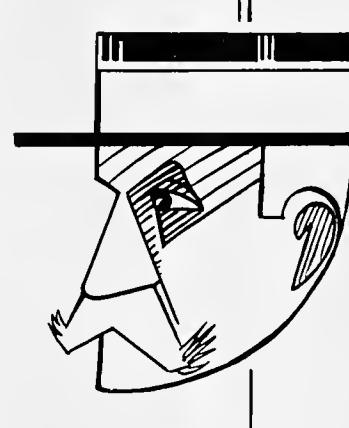


Fig. 6 FRENCH STRATEGIST



Fig. 7 AMERICAN AIRMAN



Fig. 8 ENGLISH POET



Fig. 9 FRENCH COMEDIAN

1. Right Honourable Stanley Baldwin. 2. Trotsky, deposed ruler of Russia. 3. Former President Hoover. 4. British Field Marshal Earl Haig. 5. Chancellor Von Hindenburg. 6. Field Marshal Foch. 7. Colonel Charles Lindbergh. 8. Rudyard Kipling. 9. The Inimitable Maurice Chevalier.

Golf

By J. Harstone and R. Stuart

The game of golf is different from most other games inasmuch as it is played almost equally well by young and old. Until a few years ago, golf was thought to be a game for the elderly business man only, but young people, especially in secondary schools and universities, now participate. Several clubs have been formed in this district. Westdale has had such a club for the last three years. Last year we visited the Dundas, Burlington and Cutten Fields Clubs. Among those who participated were: J. Oates, A. Somerville, R. Stuart, D. Lynn, I. Goldberg, B. Coulson, H. Magill, J. Harstone, J. Miller, P. Henderson, B. Foster, G. Snell, A. Dow, and V. Bridgewood. Many of the old boys also were present.

This year, due to the efforts of Mr. Galloway, the new "pro." of the Dundas Valley Golf Club, a High School Golf League has been inaugurated. From every Collegiate in Hamilton, Hillfield, and Dundas two teams will be picked. One team will be composed of girls, and one of boys. Each team will consist of four players, selected after a qualifying round early in June.

Two handsome challenge trophies are being donated by the Dundas Golf Club. The games are

to be played on Saturday mornings. Mr. Galloway and the Dundas Golf Club are to be congratulated on bringing about such a splendid competition, and should receive full co-operation.

The Model Aircraft League of Canada

COLONEL "BILLY" BISHOP CHAPTER

The aim of the Model Aircraft League of Canada is to teach its members the science of model aircraft construction. It also endeavours to keep them up to date with modern aviation. It encourages interest in the glamorous history of Canada's fighting airmen generally, and holds aloft, as an inspiration to the young, such fine records as that of our own patron, Ace Colonel Win. C. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C.

The senior students of our club give lectures in aviation to the juniors, and instruct them in various branches of construction work.

It is the intention of the club to run, at an early date, a model meet in the gymnasium. At it, the models will compete for first place.

Already our club is taking on a professional air. Several of its members have put in applications for membership in the 19th Bombing Squadron that is being established in Hamilton, and some of our previous members have become members in the permanent Royal Air Force. Among these is George McLaughlin. The club is also pleased to learn that Mr. Walker's son is a flying officer at Camp Borden.

President Gordon Hempstock
Vice-President Andrew J. Robertson
Secretary Albert Maskell
Sergeant-at-Arms Charles Bartilotta
Advisor Mr. George Walker

Rifle Shooting

By Bill Wilkinson

Secretary of Rifle Team

Although the Cadet Corps' training has been discontinued in Westdale, the Rifle Teams are still holding their own. Last year our one Senior team and one Junior team made a good showing in the matches of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association.

In the Canada-wide Royal Military College Match, our team captured eighteenth place out of sixty-eight. George Tinsley shot the highest average in the three D.C.R.A. matches, thus winning the silver Strathcona Medal, the Special D.C.R.A. Medal, and the school letter.

In the same matches, the following won second-class bronze medals, in order of standing: George Tinsley, Dave Wagner, Richard Snyder, Gordon Tindale, Bill Wilkinson, George Walsh, Raymond Walker and Earl Jones.

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Alumni

(Continued from Page 26)

ing magazines. John Greene is a waiter in a hotel, and Harold Hooper is connected with the Burlington Basket factory.

Gordon Murdock is a shipper for Duff's; and Dan Stubb is a mechanic at the Car Wreckers. William Victor is a clerk in Jewill's Book Store. David Wilson is a labourer, and Fred Ratelle is working as a machinist at the International Harvester Co.

Earl Baker, star (?) rugby player of past years, is with Firestone. Thora Whetstone is a nurse-in-training. Albert Cohen is in a grocery store. Thomas Malloy is connected with the Douglas Milling Co. Jack Millar is in a drug store. A. Nelson is in Dominion Stores, and C. Warner has a radio store. Ivan Brookes and Dave McCulloch are with local banks.

The people listed above are those who have graduated from the school. There are, of course, many students who have discontinued their studies before graduating; to list these would require three or four pages.

To all students who have left us, we who remain wish, through *Le Raconteur*, the best of luck.

Sandy Craig's Good Deed

(Continued from Page 14)

At two in the afternoon, just before the race, Ralph Todd showed up, a sheepish look on his face. Clipper and Ralph warmed up their engines and went to the starting line. Boom! and the race was under way, with Ralph leading by a length. Gradually, as they neared the third buoy, Clipper passed Ralph and took a sharp turn around it. Ralph showed poor management and was nearly swamped by Clipper's back-wash. As Clipper completed the third lap, he increased his lead from three to four lengths. As he crossed the line in front, the crowd went wild and Clipper Craig was the holder of another record.

When the police investigated the case fully, it was found that Ralph was mixed up with some shady smugglers. Ralph was tried and convicted. He was sentenced to five years' hard labour. When Mr. Todd heard this, he made a clean breast of everything. He had embezzled a lot of the bank's money and to pay it back had persuaded Ralph to join the smugglers. Mr. Todd was given three years in the penitentiary.

Shortly after, Clipper Craig took out adoption papers for Don. The three moved into a larger cabin, where they eat and sleep just like father and sons.

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Through Mail

(Continued from Page 15)

Northwest for many years. He loved his team of dogs, but Nick held the warmest spot in his heart.

Looking into the loving, bright eyes of the dog, new hope came to him, and with it came a plan for his rescue. Nick was included in the plan.

At Fort Providence, the storm over, Dick Brownly was preparing to leave. As he was seated at the controls of the freshly refuelled plane, and the factor was bidding him a bon voyage, a dog loped across the runway in front of the aeroplane. A dog around Fort Providence was not an uncommon sight, but to the eyes of Brownly and the policemen, as they turned in its direction, there seemed to be only one dog at the fort, and that dog was unquestionably Nick. In his mouth was a piece of a window blind. The dog turned his large head, and, seeing the two men, changed his direction. Reaching the policeman and the pilot, he dropped the section of blind at their feet. Stark realization came to them instantly. Old Man Pete's dog and the piece of window blind meant one thing —the oldster was injured but had reached the cabin by the lake, his first stop. The piece of blind from the cabin window with the blood on it showed that.

"What will we do?" said the factor in a flat monotone. "What will we do?" said Brownly emphatically. "Get out in front of this bus and spin the prop, and I'll show you what I'm going to do!" The aeroplane burst into life, and, waving his hand to the amazed factor, the plane rushed down the runway and soon disappeared in the billowy haze of a large white cloud.

"Good thing this lake was here," mumbled Brownly as the skis settled on the snow and ice-covered lake. "Now for what I may find in here," said the young pilot through tightly compressed lips, as he ran towards the cabin. Opening the door, he saw the old man crumpled in a heap on the floor.

Old Man Pete felt warm arms lifting him up, and opening his eyes, he saw the youthful face of his rescuer. "Good Nick! I knew he would make it; least I was hopin' he would," and, as if remembering something he had forgotten to say, the old man added: "Thanks fer comin', young feller; but don't take me back to Fort Providence. If you think yer airyplane 'll take us as far as the other end end of the route, let's go. My leg doesn't hurt so much now, now that help's come, and the mail must go through. You know there are people at Fort Wrigley waitin' fer it," said the white-haired mail carrier as he dropped off into the sleep of unconsciousness.

The French of Quebec

(Continued from Page 27)

toonists are always putting it in Jean Baptiste's mouth as "patakes." However, it is a perfectly good classical French word, for I once ran across it in the famous old romance, "Paul et Virginie," by Bernadin de St. Pierre.

The city-bred French-Canadian of the working class does not speak as pure French as the country habitant; the former's speech is full of English words like "job," "fun," sport terms and the like, and he does not know the French words for "wrench," "punch," "die" and other mechanics' tools. His women-folk ask for "braid" and other articles in the shops, using English names. His articulation is slurred and his grammar pretty bad, too. If he comes from Northern Ontario, his written French is abominable. Eaton's and Simpson's keep a staff of experts to translate the letters of illiterate French-Canadians from Algoma and Nipissing Districts.

Educated French-Canadians speak very good French indeed. In the secondary schools and universities great attention is paid to the spoken language. The young men take to public speaking and electioneering with great zest, and I have heard at political meetings flights of the loftiest eloquence in real classical style. When the heckling starts, the orator drops into the pungent vernacular. For fun and excitement and political oratory there is nothing to beat a Quebec political meeting.

Our prominent French-Canadian statesmen, politicians, literary men and lawyers have many times been complimented by visiting French notables upon the purity of their diction and a certain flavour of the classical age of French literature. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was as highly regarded in Paris as he was in London. To be a finished orator in two languages is no mean achievement. Dr. Frechette, Dr. Adjutor Rivard, and other literary lights have had their works "crowned" by the Académie Française.

The educational authorities of Ontario have awakened to the advantages of our close proximity to a French-speaking province. McGill University has for a long time conducted a summer school for English-speaking students. The students are pledged to use the French language exclusively during their stay; they are brought into contact with French people as much as possible, are given a thorough course in the phonetics of French and in French conversation. The University of Toronto gives a course for teachers at Sillery, near Quebec, and the Government of Quebec donates a medal to the best student. The University of Western On-

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tario, London, conducts a summer school for two months each summer at Trois Pistoles, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence opposite the mouth of the Saguenay. Here the students have the advantage of boarding with selected families, taking part in the family and social life of the village. The experiment has been a great success; the students and citizens of the village have formed a mutual admiration society and a lively correspondence between hosts and guests has frequently resulted after the students have returned to Ontario.

Any English-speaking Canadian who has the ambition to learn to speak French would do well to spend some time in the Province of Quebec. Pick out a small town or village where no English is spoken or go to some good vacation school. French-Canadians are very hospitable, kind and courteous, and take great pains to correct you, if you signify your desire to be corrected. The French you will learn will pass current anywhere, and it is easy to avoid the few dialecticisms. All educated French-Canadians speak good French.

The Accidental Suicide of a Murderer

(Continued from Page 12)

"One more question," said Hugh. "In what condition was the weather when you heard the shot?"

"It had just become very dull out. I know, because I was reading and I reached up to turn on the light when I heard the shot."

"As I thought," said Hugh. He then started to break up the rocks in the mantel around the fault in the cement, and presently the muzzle of a .33 rifle could be seen. Hugh took hold of the gun and began to pull it from its lodging. Hearing a noise behind me, I spun round, to see the standard lamp swinging to and fro without any visible means of support.

"Hugh!" I gasped. "Look behind you!"

Hugh looked round idly and then laughed. "Oh," he said, "I'll explain that in a minute." With that he gave a heave and the rifle came out of the mantel. Then he showed us a fine wire which ran from the chain switch of the standard lamp up to the ceiling, across it and down behind the fireplace.

"You see, gentlemen," explained Hugh. "Gordon intended that the Major should sit in that chesterfield some time when light was required, pull that chain switch to turn on the light, and in that way shoot himself. However, Gordon made one fatal blunder. Being absent-minded, he pulled that chain switch himself."

* Criminal Investigation Department.

Squid Harbour

(Continued from Page 13)

Betty looked at her and said, "I dare you to walk around the deck three times."

Pat went up on deck and began to circle it slowly. And as she walked, she thought, with just a tremour, of the shiny, slippery, squirming things that must be swimming in the water below her. She had completed her second round, and stopped to looked overboard, when something wet and slippery slid by her leg. Horrors! She jumped back, landed on a pile of rope, and fell.

There were no low railings on the yacht, because its sailors were expected to be able to stand on their own feet. The unprotected side made her path clear and, with a scream, she slid into the icy water.

When she came up to the top, she gasped, shocked by the chill. Her eyes were full of water. The darkness blinded her. For several minutes, she propelled herself about, wildly. Then something seized her round the waist and pulled her—she knew not where.

When Pat opened her eyes again Drake was leaning over her. "You little idiot!" he laughed. "It was only a piece of hose."

Pat looked up at him, and in the dark saw the dark, shining eyes that would have been blue in sunlight, gazing kindly down at her.

And that was all she saw, for Betty, who could be counted on in an emergency, had sent the bewildered Mr. Nelson in search of more chocolate creams.

ODE TO WESTDALE

W is for Wisdom that all its students gain,
E is for Endurance, which they strive hard to attain;
S is for the Spirit that stands behind the school,
T is for the Teachers, who could educate a fool!
D is for the Dances, the annuals and such,
A is for Athletics, though they end in cast and crutch;
L is for Loyalty to its colours, green and gold,
E is for the Ending of this so-called ode.

—Sophie Vertlieb.

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FORM NEWS

A-38

Miss Jefferies, Henderson and Stitt went Blythe-ly past Hamilton, through Tindale, across the Bridgewood to the Townsend. As they were Hilborne, they were Hunting with their little White dog, which they liked better than McCullough-d one. Along came Bartley all a-Loney, running Foster and Foster. "Grapes Scott!" he cried; "what's the Malley with you? Let him off his Leishman; you big Simpson! He'll Parry-sh if he goes over the Cliff and gets Blackmore." H-Eden Clemo-d up the hill Hone.

* * *

A-32

Lois WIllson
Vera Thompson

Dorothy Miller
Grace StOnchouse
Robert ThOMPSON
Ray BoKAR
Vivian Jarvis

Lallie PaLmer
Marg. NiXon
F. K. Ettinger
Edith FlEtcher

Elma WARD

Faye George
Anne LeckIE
Rita SchRader
EiLeen Speers
Annabelle Smye

Alex BALinson
Mary Carrington
MatildA Findlay
AuDrey Connor
DaphnE Etherington
Grace Macfarlane
SIYvia Shafer

A-20

Mr. GilAn
Alan ViLa
Don OILson

Albert DuFFin
Norm VIncent
George Robinson
Bob CattELL

Bob LanceField
Wally Lumsden
Albert Lager
Murray GiLLies
George McCullough
IrWin Goldberg
Laird JenningS

Under the genial leadership of Mr. Gillan has been amassed the greatest class in the history of Westdale, one

in which the boys outnumber the girls by six to one. We have: Cattell, Chilman, Goldberg, Lumsden and McPhie in the orchestra; Cattell and Lumsden on the rugby team, while Olson shines in basketball. Levitt and Gordon take care of the management of the teams. Miss Keays is on the swimming team. Five of the boys star on a well-known church basketball team.

A-34

The Secret of Our Success

J. Baird
F. WatsOn
M. Rothmann
R. HorNING

A. SchRier

F. Fogwell
S. AdElman
A. FrEeman

We Wonder:

Where Burgdorf's bow tie is? We haven't seen it lately.

Why a certain Miss of A-34 is always at the boys' basketball games at MacNab Street Church with her friend, M. Rothmann? Who is the attraction—A. F.??

Why Don Inrig is always at the centre stairs of the second floor?

Who is Frank Fagwell's blonde friend he is talking about?—L.C.??

Will Maurice ever wake up?

Where did Shepherd's blue silk handkerchief disappear to? Ask E. C.

Some Theme Songs of Members of A-34

M. Taylor—"Star Gazing."
M. Kirkindale—"Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Kirkie."
P. McInnerny—"I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze."

Favourite Sayings of Our Teachers

Mr. Fee—See, now do you understand? I doubt it, you darlings!

Mr. Bell—Sit down and shut up!

Miss Abbott—Detention!

Mr. Gunther—Take these questions down.

Mr. Hone—See me at 3.30.

Mr. Gillan—A quarter to nine.

A-35

Room A-35 is well represented in the athletic, musical and literary field of Westdale Collegiate. Betty Hoth, Peggy McNeil and Philip Burke have helped to make the badminton team what it is. Mary Lofthouse is a fast guard on the Junior basketball team. Monnie Berteling and Mary Minnis

played the parts of two of Henry VII's wives in "Haphazard Historical Highlights." Our melodious Bill Mummery excels Rubinoff with his violin in the school orchestra.

Things We Would Like to Know:

Who Lucy Hodges fell so hard for that she skinned both ankles?

If Bill Mummery always sees the joke before he laughs?

Why Peggy McNeil always forgets that book in her locker at 3.30?

Why Jean Taylor thinks so much about chickens?

Why Jack Kaufmaun and Bill Clarke get to school so early?

Why Bob Coulson is called "The Bean"?

What Miss Dowsley really thinks of A-35?

Ken Giffen would like to see his name in print; well, here it is. What next? Tell me, what would A-35 do without that little bundle of personality all rolled up in none other than Monnie Berteling? Now, the thing that really "baffles" and "jars me" is how that blonde idol, Lawrason, remains free from the arms of Romance. Possibly his weakness lies out in that "hick town"—Dundas. No hard feelings!

A-36

A-36 may not be up to the standard of A-37 in regard to studies, but we have plenty of other talent—boys on the basketball, football and hockey teams, members of the orchestra, and badminton teams.

Things We Would Like to Know:

Why did "Gus" Paterson want Don Duncan to play opposite her in the presentation of "Disraeli"?

Does Betsy Harrison like her new seat in French class? Why did she change it?

Would Ian MacNeil rather be in A-35? If so, why?

Edith Shaver
Dorothy Black
Margaret Marriott
HeLEN Sutton

Bill Misener
Calmar Echlin
Jessie Milton
Ruth Beech
Joan ChEATley
CameRon Grant
Jack Sheppard

Kenneth COok
Jack Ferguson

A-37
 Wheat
 BEntley
 Shelley
 SleeTh
 Drake
 MAcfarlane
 Clark
 Menzel
 Hudson
 Bigger
 MorlEy
 AuSten
 STuart
 Caunt
 WaLls
 VilA
 MarShall
 MorriS

That's our boast and here's our proof: In our midst we have a member of the Triune executive, several football, basketball and badminton players, a scholarship winner, several pupils who took part in the school play, two boys on the rifle team, and enough musicians to make our own orchestra.

Things You Should Know

Al. Alway's weak heart prevented him from taking a part in the class play. After seeing the look Marg. Clark hands out when she's riled, we can't blame him for not taking a chance.

Miss Elliott is earning a reputation for herself as the silent partner of A-37.

John Wheat may be in A-37 physically, but a certain girl in A-22 has his heart, and is always on his mind.

Helen Webb-Smith
Betty ShEein
Julie Spence
LoreTta Jannett
Margaret Dent
Bill ChArters
Dick BLake
SuE Gordon
Mary Shannon
Howard PiErson
Florence FloCk
Dorothy DOnnelly
KeN Meeke
Douglas Darling
Elinor Athawes
Jim BuRt
John DalYrple
Douglas Simpson
Bill Charde
Fred GriffitH
John Oxford
Jack MoSher
Clarence KappLer
Jean MarSh
Jack Plastow
Doris Warren
John LoRd
Bill Inman
Mary Taglerino
Georgina HArper
2 Halls
2 Marys

A is for Miss Anderson,
 A blonde-headed lass.
B is for Miss Brown,
 Of the opposite class.
C is for Connor,
 With his tidy notes.
D is for Duern,
 Who laughs at all jokes.
E is for our etiquette,
 Though it's somewhat shaky yet.
F is for Miss Farnan,
 That slow, lovable child.
G is for Miss Greenlees,
 Who is supposed to have style.
H is for Miss Holton,
 That mountain-top lass.
I is for Inman,
 Who should be bottled in glass.
J is for jaunts
 Taken in periods of class.
K is for Miss Kennedy,
 Of the suffering class.
L is for Lenz,
 A Latin student, quothe he.
M is for Miss McDonald,
 The class's model she should be.
N is for nothing—
 Mr. Rinn says we're full of this.
O is for Miss O'Neill,
 A suave, impressive little lass.
P is for Parker,
 The nuisance of the class.
Q is for questions—
 No one has any.
R is for Miss Rae,
 Of the high-up, costly clay.

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LE RACONTEUR

S is for Miss Symons,
Who has her own shy ways.
T is for Miss Tyson,
A-25's badminton flash.
U is for union—
Much worked in this class.
V is Miss Vertlieb,
The boy's pride and joy.
W is for Williams,
Whom the girls wish to enjoy.
X is for a great unknown,
Of detentions after four.
Y is for yearlings,
And many have we.
Z is for zeal,
Which everyone ignores.

—William Greene.

A-24

Things We Could Do Without:

Young's gum.
Margaret Bossence's chatter.
Southwick's vocal demonstrations.
Vertlieb's arguing.
Anna's lunch-box.
Irene Richardson's "Why?"
Jack Birk's ceaseless love affairs.
Margaret Williams' come-hither eye.
James Bolton's snicker.
Connell's big feet.
Helen Marsh's giggle.
Vera Roberts' comb.
Dorothy Nevills' lecture tours about Dorothy Nevills.

A-26

Room A-26 is a class in this school
That is noted for not 'biding by rule,
Miss Fitzpatrick has hopes of making
us good,
But by her, I'm afraid, we are not
understood.

The black hair of Miss Talcott will
soon become gray
From trying to alter Poag's stubborn
way:
Mr. Allan, poor fellow, just heaves a
big sigh
When Miss Grapes says, "But, sir, I
don't understand why."
Mr. McKnight has hopes of making
Miss Lees understand
Ocean currents do never flow over the
land;
Mr. Rinn finds it easy to force us to
stammer
When he knows very well that we
don't know our Grammar.

But all in all we have a good time,
Although all our marks are not always
fine:
We hope our teachers can stand us till
June,
Despite our shortcomings as a perfect
room.

A-27

A Day at School

We arrive for school at half-past eight,
Arrive there in a dismal state,
Go to our lockers and take out our
books,
And on to Latin with sorrowful looks.
Then to the zoo to visit the snake.
Next to geometry, which we can't take,
Then for some German (awful stuff!),
Physiography, and that's enough.

Enough! Too much! but very soon
Come the awful horrors of the after-
noon,
Literature, grammar and arithmetic,
Which is really enough to make one
sick.

Last comes the period which we all
dread,
That is study period, because it's so
dead:
This is enough to finish the day.
And off we all go, looking very gay.
—Norma Hansen.

ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT A-10

Now Wouldn't It Be Odd If:

Macfarlane didn't doze in Latin
periods?

J. McNamara ever brought her re-
port on time?

Aimer ever struck the accusative
case in Latin?

M. Bentley didn't wear a different
ribbon every day?

M. Inman and S. Bell didn't have
the same answers?

Whitfield ever did anything extra-
ordinary?

Charlton ever spoke loud enough?

Allingham wasn't always thinking
about sports?

B. A. Sturgess wasn't always
studying?

Garner didn't stutter nervously?

Parkhouse ever gave the wrong
answer?

L. Gee ever spoke a word during
classes?

S. Sheppard ever forgot her suit-
case?

C. Stratton ever stopped throwing
notes?

A-15

Sometimes we are weary and restless
and fret,
Our teachers we puzzle, make anxious
and yet
We value their efforts. The pupils,
you'll find,
Have dreams of high service imbued
in their minds;
Their wisdom seems equal to gradu-
ates of Yale,
But they're A-15 students from mighty
Westdale.

So here's to our principal, teachers
and school,
May you keep right on planting the
old Golden Rule,
For the world needs the knowledge
and teaching you're giving
In showing the people the real art of
living;
So along with their algebra, history
and lit.,
Your A-15 students will all do their
bit.

—“Peg” Ostrosser.

A-16

The solution of Doug. Beale's brill-
iant career is now apparent. He
spends his spare time reading love
stories. "It's the early training that
counts"—eh, Doug?

We understand that Alan Wilson
and one of the feminine members of
A-15 were progressing favourably at
a party a short time ago, until the

lights went out. Are you sure that
eye came from running against a door-
knob in the dark, Alan?

Harold Wright has been keeping
his nose to the grindstone (or should
we say desk?) of late. Maybe that
picture within has something to do
with it.

We hear that a certain masculine
member of A-16 could not find his
note for being absent. Rumour has
it that it was among his books—but
they were in the possession of the
young lady who had carried them to
school for him, and he admitted it!
Is there no chivalry left?

Is it true that one or two members
of A-16 blame their poor penmanship
on having "hitch-hiker's thumb"?—and
that they've become so proficient that
they can almost always tell cars driven
by the staff (almost always!)?

A-19

Sport News

The girls' basketball team of A-19
is a very good one—the best, we think,
it has ever had. The girls worked
very hard, but were up against a lot
of opposition.

The players are: Florence Riley,
the captain; Loreen Tyson, Joyce
Graham, Suzanne Lynn, Pat Spence,
Florence McClure, Bernice McDonald,
Jacqueline Maxwell, Velva Metcalfe
and Dorothea Rea.

We also have several notable bad-
minton players among the girls.

As we have seen, the famous shoes,
brought to our attention by Mr. In-
man, now belong to a "champion,"
although Ethel worked hard to keep
up the good standards of A-19.

Dorothea Rea, a beginner, is pro-
gressing rapidly.

Florence Riley again stars as a good
player.

C-2B

Some Idiosyncrasies

Miss Dixon—Patience to teach the
following girls:

Rennee Hamilton—Hold that tiger!
Muriel McMichael—Hi, love!
Phyllis Lelen—Her weakness: dark
handsome boys.

Paula Craka—The lady dances. Her
rival is Eleanor Powell.

Gladys Job—Huh, what's that?
Aileen Carr—Bing Crosby is her
weakness.

Pearl Wood—Our blonde Ethiopian.
Betty Todd and Gertrude Waxman
—The long and short of C-21.

Marion Smith — Our basketball
heroine.

Helen Johnson — Such a change
from last year.

Florence Wilson—Quit that pushing
—you'll get there!

Beatrice Mathews—With nothing to
say.

Marjorie Reynolds — We wonder
what the attraction is at home?

Dorothy Hymers and Marjorie
Smith—The inseparables.

Edith Slack—Not as shy as you
think.

Dorothy Gimbly—The girl on the
flying trapeze.

Ethel Hardie—His first name is
Jeffrey.

Jean Scott—The joker of C-21.

Hilda Staples—Our first class Zasu Pitts.

Joan Fox—One of the roses.

Jessie Haddow—Quote Mr. Linton: "Do you ever know anything?"

Ruth Prior—Her giggle gets us down.

Mary Leith—The tomboy of the class.

Fanny Ponsonetti — Page Miss Prior!

Madeline Walsh—Why does she dislike penmanship periods?

Mary McDonald—Full of knowledge.

Marie Dunsmore — Our questionnaire.

Marjorie Slaughter—Another rose.

Jean Ireland—Come up and see her some time.

Catherine McMeekin — Her fancy: those Technical boys.

Dorothy Turner—Who is the boy friend we have never seen?

Beatrice Lovelady—When will she come out of that trance?

Nana Moule—Those curls—wow!

Alma Bane — She knows her "beens."

We Wonder:

Is it love that makes G. Mayhew look like that, or is it —; mostly —?

Who B. Stewart thinks he is?

When P. Smith and B. MacMillan are going to act their age? It isn't 25, either!

If Alderson really is as good as he thinks he is? Well, you can't stop him from thinking!

If Hubert Laing is God's gift to the women? We doubt it!

What is the secret of the Secret Seven?

What would happen if "Stu" Plastow got over 15 on a shorthand test?

Who N. Lightheart's secret passion is? J. H.?

What would happen to the girls of C-3A if Jack Kelly left?

If H. Whatmough is known as "Butch" to the underworld?

Why P. Bell is going to take swimming lessons? Answer, Whitlock.

Why Wyn Hunt skates at Wolverton when the Victoria is nearer?

What J. Dukes and A. Stewart have got that we haven't?

What I. Davis thinks of J. Kelley? Was it love at first sight?

What makes M. Staton think she can sing?

How Reg. Lake keeps that school-girl complexion?

Who is E. Wilkinson's red-headed boy friend who lives in West Hamilton?

Where A. Grandy met Bruce T.?

If I Parker has read all the books in the library yet?

Why E. Jardine screamed in Science when the blinds were down? Who sits behind her?

Why V. Ralph and N. Smith can't be parted?

Who hit B. Shephard on the nose—a puck or a girl?

Why Bob is called "Cowboy Shim-mell"?

Why Pearl Irvine is called "Toots"?

Where C. Massey gets all her rings?

Where B. Walsh gets her hair curled?

Why Geiss never smiles? Maybe he plays poker.

What girl does G. McDonald like in 2-A?

How B. Lewis got high marks in Economics?

Who Freddy really belongs to?

Why H. Richardson is called "Boo"?

Does P. Smith use peroxide or Blondex?

C-4A

Balloch, Ettie—Crazy about a shy, conceited, crazy, goofy individual. Sounds like Jack Benny to me, or is it Ray?

Messacar, Olive—Boy, is she dumb, or just looking out for her own interests, for she's the one who didn't know the problem faced by France today is a shortage of men—the marrying kind. Or did she know, and that's why she's staying in Canada?

Frearson, Millicent—Must read success stories, 'cause she's a swell tap-dancer, and only last Saturday began to practice hitch-hiking. It may be love, or then again, she might want to hitch-hike to success.

McCarthy, W. J. J. — Generally known as William James Joseph. Rides girls on his wheel. Extreme sense of humour.

Blackburn, Betty—Likes riding in trucks. Stooge to Mill. Frearson.

May, Muriel—Just another girl going right.

Koster, W.—A lot could be said, but only a little can be written, seeing that she's Mr. Lillie's chief assistant, even though she doesn't like THAT suit. Also Commercial rep.

Palmer, Alice—Often absent; more often late. Quite noisy; good basketball player (I hope); room rep; lots of fun, and also a good skater—ask any teacher.

Liss, Dorothy—She never has to walk home at noon; she takes the street car.

Gray, Janette—Rapidly becoming a friend of Mr. Lillie's; generally leads those discussions that don't concern school work. Star of Senior girls' basketball team.

Russell, Edna—Another dancer in all school activities. Have yet to see her do a fan dance.

Knapp, Naomi—Another girl who never walks home at noon, due mainly to the fact that she doesn't go to school in the mornings.

Wilson, Edna—Commutes every day between Hamilton and West Hamilton. A four-star girl as far as Mr. Waddell is concerned.

Mulholland, Helen—Generally working at Proctor & Gamble's, but still considered a member of the class.

MacKenzie, Doug.—Good for a hundred any day in M. & B. He writes so much on the subject that the right answer just has to be somewhere around.

Webster, Reta — When she talks about "Bus," she doesn't mean those four-wheeled vehicles that run about the streets.

Wade, Ellen—The girl who is waiting for a certain somebody to graduate from law school so that she can be his stenographer.

Corkin, Edna—Commonly known as the shy type—her and I both.

Cooley, Freda—Brainy and noisy; one of the "big three" in Mr. Waddell's subjects.

C-10

We, of C-10, though rapidly becoming first-class salesmen, stenogs, etc., have other accomplishments to our credit as well. For instance, we are a well-read bunch of people, though the average person might not get that impression at sight. We allow our literary ambitions to run along certain lines, according to our respective tastes. Here are a few examples:

Ida Blakeman — Lives of a Tap Dancer.

Marg. Culhoun—The Missing Link. "Bus" Wills—The Woman's Home Companion.

Floss Kehn—Grow Old Gracefully in Five Easy Lessons.

Dave Smith—Back to the Sod.

John Baxter—A Bit o' Heather.

Mr. Miller—Loves of a Dictator.

Mary Bilton—The Power of Will.

"Jo" Spence—The Lost Chord.

This is just a sample of what you will find in C-10. Helen Tweedle can tell you anything you would like to know about basketball, and Gracie Meiler about badminton, being an important member of the team. Marg. Carrington will gladly demonstrate how to weigh out a dozen eggs and wrap a pound of butter, and Pearl Frank can show you how to make the most of a stick of gum. Don't be afraid to come around some time—we look just like anybody else!

C-1A

Famous Sayings

Mr. J. Wood—You're sleepy! How many times times have I told you, etc., etc.?

Mr. E. Linton — How many times do I have to tell you to keep quiet?

Miss Cawthorpe—I don't care how you act elsewhere, but here you act decently!

Mrs. Shaw—I'll have quietness here, or I'll know the reason why!

Miss Dixon—So-and-So, report at four for making a nuisance of yourself.

Mr. G. Chapman—

One-two-three-four,

Keep your feet on the floor.

Five-six-seven-eight,

Keep your back straight.

Mr. C. Partridge—What you don't know!—write it out ten times!

Mr. B. Lillie—When I was up north, etc., etc.,

"Bud" Stewart—Leave me alone!

Fred Martin—A boy asked me for my book.

James Fleming—He tore my blotter.

Ernie Kirkham—I'll smack you in the kisser.

Jack Yardley—Okay, Toots!

Billy Hutchison—Okay; when'll we do it?

LE RACONTEUR

Things We Want to Know:

Why Hill always gets slicked up in the dinner hour?

What are the two objects Claremont always makes the clicking sound with on Gym days?

Where Billy Hutchison got his million-dollar smile?

How Fairfax broke his arm?

Why Baxter goes to Zion Gym on Tuesday nights?

Why Boecker always gets such high marks?

C-1B

September found us eager to start our first year of high school, all with the great feeling of passing in June.

The class chose Faye Veigel and Ruth Foster for room representatives.

When the school started to play basketball, we had two fighting teams, but only one, under the leadership of Marie Thorpe, was successful.

So far this term, nothing of any importance has happened, but we are hoping to have a roller-skating party in April.

Everyone has some favourite saying of their very own, and maybe you would like to read some of our current ones:

Kathleen Harvey—Does my hair look all right?

Julia Cohen—Hello, Ducky!

Marie Thorpe—Hi, son!

Carol West—Come up and see me some time.

Daisy Harring—Oh, he is flies in my soup!

Kathleen Parsons—Oh, oil your fish!

Helen Aitken—Well, shut my mouth wide open!

Stella Spree—Is he handsome or is he handsome?

Marie Lindeman—Who?

Frances Turner—Why?

Peggy McMeekin—Oh, gee!—I am late again!

Things We Would Like to Know:

Why Elsie Gladwell always has a "come-hither" smile on her face whenever Tommy W. is around?

Is Lillian Bohozuk interested in Frank D. of Mr. Wood's class?

Why Faye Veigel likes red-heads?

Why Angelina Frank has such an interest in her girl-friend's brother?

Why Ethel Landmen likes to keep her feet up under her seat in typing?

What has Ruth Foster got that we haven't?

If Vera Lovejoy likes blondes, especially a Mr. Becker?

If Jean Castle knows a certain Lloyd Spalding?

If Reta Kerr gets tired of putting on lipstick?

What kind of gum does Isabel Standford like to chew?

Where Florence Lindeman learned to play the piano?

Why Reta Brittain's heart beats twice as fast whenever W. Hill passes her?

C-1C

There's a jolly good bunch in C-1C,

We like our teachers fine;

If you don't believe just what I say,

Come up and see us some time.

Mr. Lillie is our Home Teacher.

*Now he's a good old scout,
But when he takes up history
It nearly knocks us out.
Our teacher for Junior "Biz,"
Mr. Bill Smith is his name.
And the way he hollers at us
Has surely brought him fame.
Mr. Linton teaches arithmetic,
His methods, they are slick,
And when we pay attention,
The answers sure come quick.
Mr. Wood goes in for literature,
On essays he is fine.
Next comes Mr. Partridge,
Science is his line.
Our studies keep us busy,
As busy as can be,
But we're a jolly bunch
In good old C-1C.*

—Jean E. Weir.

C-1D

*We have a class of forty-one,
And in it we have lots of fun;
These are some of the things we see
About the kids of C-1D.*

Things We'd Like to Know:

Why is a certain young lady in C-31 always asking for the loan of a mirror? Is it because of her beauty? We don't think so. What do you think?

Why is Constance Samuel always looking at herself in a mirror?

Why does Peart Barret like a certain Georgie that goes up to Victoria?

We Wonder:

Why Dorothy Crozier makes a rush for the lockers outside of Miss Boyes' room? Is it the Specials and J. L. Dot?

Why Gladys Samuel and Dora Marr cheer up at noon time? We all know them, G. M. and R. L.!

Why Agnes Dunlop and Elizabeth Dunfee get so chummy after school?

Why Shirley Middleton and Dorothy Crozier get picked on in Mr. Smith's classes now? Is it because he thinks they know him too well?

Who is it that Dorothy Crozier gets teased about all the time? Is it J. L.?

Teachers' Expressions

Miss Lawlor—Keep your house tidy, so your husband won't go out nights.

Mr. Lillie—Get that smirk off your face!

Mr. Linton—Don't go home and tell your mother now.

Miss Boyes—Easy! Easy! Easy!

Mr. Partridge—Doesn't anyone know the answer?

Mr. Wood—What kind of lipstick do you use, Miss Levitt?

C-2A

It Wasn't Told to Me I Only Heard:

That Beryl Clarke's flame in Specials is a certain G. M.

That Cliff Swarts is being badly rushed by three young girls in C-11 and C-34.

That R. Pettit delivers papers at 5 o'clock in the morning. He can take it!

That Mary Scott's real name is "Al."

That E. Duce and a certain third floor teacher seem to hit it off pretty well together. Oh, yeah!!

That V. Haxton and M. Stewart are inseparable. Well, maybe it's love!

That Clavel fell on his head. At last our great problem is solved!

That the affair of S. McClay and D. I. is serious. I doubt it!

That J. Fletcher stopped going with her boy friend two weeks before he knew it.

That the stork that brought Bill McMullen was arrested by the immigration officers for peddling dope.

That Nadine Bellwood continually refuses invitations to go out with Clavel. I wonder why?

That Doe Gee will soon appear with a certain local orchestra.

That they call Stan Wood "Butch" in the underworld.

Personalities

Lloyd Berryman—Little big shot.
Gord. Beckerson—THE Beckerson hockey team.

Johnny Powell—Noise of every class room.

Elsie Burke—The only smart student of C-2A.

Marie Thompson—Quiet spot in the class.

Gord. McClanahan—Just call him "Sleepy."

Lionel Clause—Conspicuous by his absence most of the time.

John Cameron—Speed skater.

Joe Turbitt—Smart in stenography. Oh, yeah!

* * *

The Stenog's Vacation

*my typust is on hur vacation
My typests accu for a week
My tipud us on hur vscation
Wyile these drn kees ply hid ant seek.*

And It Surely Would be the End If:

C. Hamilton ever knew her declensions perfectly.

Elstone ever did his Latin homework.

Lashmar didn't have detentions every night.

Our room rep., T. Robbins, wasn't always trying to sell us something.

A Selenuk didn't rush to eat her lunch and play basketball.

H. Blythe ever grew tall.

Quinlan was ever early instead of late.

Ross ever knew the place in Literature.

M. Hunt never blushed vividly.

Miss Talcott didn't get Scott and Smith mixed.

Harris didn't go in for such studious looks.

Baker ever broke anything again—e.g., light.

M. Sheldrick wasn't always ready to play badminton.

The inkstains on L. Brown's dress didn't bring memories.

* * *

Little Sister—I gave Clavel some sugar, Mother.

Mrs. Clavel—What did you do that for?

Little Sister—Why, to make Art well. Haven't you ever heard of sugar-cured hams?

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LE RACONTEUR

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW!

By Bruce Stuart

Each and every one of the M-2 class would naturally like to know about his or her future. Well! One day I had a chat with an astrologer, and he told me some very interesting and pleasant things about our class as it would turn out twenty years from now—1956.

To begin with, I asked him about Bob Gage. He told me that Bob may be on the radio as a crooner, replacing Rudy Vallee. As for Sherring—he will be running for Alderman in Ward Three, after having tried to graduate from St. Michael's College in Toronto. Bessie Burrie would also be a radio star—a "blues singer" over WBEN. Bill Moody is to be an accountant in his father's coal business—a good end. Tsk! Tsk! As for Mitchell and his natty clothes, he becomes a "G" man (garbage man).

The astrologer refused to go on unless I paid him more. I was so interested in hearing how we were all going to make out that I paid him without comment, and he continued.

Peter Provius will be a hockey star, for he sure is starting off well. The Leafs will be his team, and he will be their best man. "He shoots! He S-C-O-R-E-S!" Congratulations, Provius, and the best of luck! Bill Stubbs had continued his saxophone lessons and become a teacher in that branch of music (?). Good old Bill of 1936!

Tom Winfield is going to get a shock when I tell him what he will be doing in twenty years. He will be a Fuller brush salesman. He'll get by with that line he shoots! We pity the housewife who opens the door to find him. He'll "hornswozzle" her for the whole day. Hawkins will be sitting on a fish wagon, blowing a horn. That's a fish story, if ever there was one!

Lorne Sharp will have a nice soft job—Sheriff of the little village of Dundas. It had decreased in size in the last few years.

This astrologer was a genius. He then told me of Allen Brown. This individual would own a dairy farm, consisting of one hundred and fifty cows. I'd like to see his hands. His profits won't be much, for scientists will have produced a tree that gives milk, thus ruining the milk business. He will have married an old friend of mine—Mrs. Helen Brown.

The astrologer had finished by this time, as he had another date. But I persuaded him to tell me about myself. This I regret doing, for a certain Miss Calderone had a job in the Spectator of chief jokester, and I was her right-hand man. When she ran dry, I was to supply her with the jokes I used to put down as answers on my exams.

Well, now that the astrologer had finished, let us settle down and prove to him that astrology is really not one of the recognized sciences, and that each one can say, "I am the master of my fate!" and live up to that motto.

M-3A
Our Motto
CleLand
FeLdman
Van SickLe

M. Flett
CrOcker
E. Ridgers

MoOre
ThomsoN
WicE

E. MArkle
B. CartNell
TroubriDge

BrOwn
LemimoNd
E. CamdEn

Fisher
TruseOtt
Reider

StuArt
Lambo
BeLl

Note—This list includes every member of the class.

V-2 Vox Pop

One day Miss Hartwell invited the class to have tea with her. She served a delightful lunch, consisting of sandwiches and Nutt Dabbs, and Champagne as a chaser. She then took us for a ride, two at a time. The roads were very slippery and the car began to Scudmore and more, so we had to get out and Walker back to a garage.

The rain having stopped, we decided to go for a stroll in the woods. We crossed many Brooks, until we met a young Miller named Wallace. He gave her some pigs' feet and tried to sell her some sour-Krouse, but it Foster too much. We couldn't cook the pigs' feet, because we had no Knife, and there was also a possibility that we might Burnham, as we were not used to using a Wood fire.

We continued on our way until Misner fell in the Marsh. She Rosenfeld, but no one could Treacher. Wilson said if we didn't Richardson, she would drown. Along came a man in a Buick, and we watched Whalley pulled her out.

M-4

Mischief and Malice

When is Gord. Hempstack going to stop going around as it he thought himself Don Juan or Casanova?

Please tell Bill Inch to stop killing all the jokes of the radio comedians.

Why doesn't Dick Morris look as if he had had a good sleep, not just having one? And stop arguing with the teachers—sometimes they're right!

Where does Betty Summer get those "Doc" Savage books we see her reading? Does Mary Walker look guilty?

Has Blain really got Saint Vitus' dance, or is he just trying to be a successful rival for Grandfield's foolish frolics?

If only that quartette of terrible feminine voices would give the class a break and keep quiet!

Boys complain about the vanity of the female sex, but if they could see Bannerman combing his hair every few minutes, they would start worrying about the vanity of men.

If Alma and Maybelle don't stop howling like the north wind (they think they're two-fifths of the "quints") we'll have to do something drastic.

If Dorothy Jackson would pay less attention to the boys up in the cafeteria, maybe the pupils wouldn't look as if they are starving.

John Davies is still our punny man, but his puns aren't always funny. Watch your step, John!

Will a gang ever get organized to go after the hairdresser that gave Mary Walker her permanent?

But, seriously, whenever you want someone to brighten things, you can depend upon the Grads, for—

*You may search the whole school over,
But never will you find
A class with so much spirit
(Now, this is not all wind).*

*When folks are up and doing
And things are being run,
You're sure to find the M-4 Grads
In the midst of all the fun.*

*They act just like a pivot
Around which Tech life swings,
For fun they're never lacking,
'Cause they're the nonsense kings.*

*When things look sad, and gloomier,
Than they're ever looked before,
To drive all of your care away
Just call upon M-4.*

I-2R

Mrs. Shaw
Mr. TurnEr

M. TroTt
Mr. HuntEr
Mr. BAXter
Mr. McColl
Mr. McCandlISh

Mr. Gilbank

2

Mr. BroweRs

Frank A. Wood
George BakEr
Mike Bona'Rechi
George REid

Don Glass
Len HalfoRd
Bill StOkoe
AUsy Winegarden
Tom P. JacombeS

Fred KnIght

2
LesteR Hanham

M-1AB

Twenty Years Hence

"Butch" Adams—Champion boxer.
Beech—A second Rubinoff.

Carr—Professional Hobo.

Irvin—A radio crooner.

Mullen—His (Moody's) partner.

Macdonagh — Double for Stan.

Laurel.

Smedley—Admiral of the fleet.

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MEDICINE—Courses leading to the degree of M.D., C.M. and to the Diploma of Public Health.

Students preparing for admission are advised to write for a list of scholarships and prizes and to apply at the proper time for Entrance and Matriculation Scholarships in their class.

WRITE FOR A COPY OF QUEEN'S IN PICTURES

Wright—Aeroplane pilot.
Michnick—Still learning to swim.

Things We Would Like to Know:

Miss Cawthorpe's secret ambition?
Why Wright no longer visits the
Commercial first formers?
Why so many boys go for walks
around the school before school time?
Is "Salute to Adventuress" so well
liked because of the feminine touch?
Is Michnick's wave natural?
The truth about Wright's black eye?

Second Year Drafting Specials

C is for Carr,
His friends call him Bob.
He likes sugar and women,
Also corn on the cob.

G is for Greenaway,
A toothless young sap,
Who likes pretty women
To sit on his lap.

H is for Hanes,
So small but stately;
With Verna Sweazie
He is seen lately.

I is for Ion,
A horsethan is he;
"Nels" to his friends,
But Ironhead to me.

J is for Jones,
So timid and meek;
When he plays the mandolin
You should hear it squeak.

K is for Kershaw,
Cliff by first name;
He made the school hockey team,
But never plays in a game.

L is for Landsborough,
"Glen" is his call;
For Norma Jones
He claims he could fall.

M is for McKay,
A Scotchman is he;
His jokes are so terrific
They almost slay me.

R is for Real,
Called "Joe" by the guys;
When things go wrong,
He never cries.

R is for Revie,
"Pete" to his friends,
Who always works hard,
Yet glad when day ends.

S is for Smith,
"Bill" is my name;
By writing these rhymes,
I hope to bring fame.

S is for Snell,
So handsome and strong;
Around him recently
All the girls seem to throng.

W is for Wade,
Harrison by name;
Like Joe Louis,
He's headed for fame.

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I-CD

We go to Machine Shops once a day,
Lemmond and Seeds, they lead the way.
Penny and Wende make a mess,
Hawkins and Miller little less.
Alexander and Freeman are timid souls,
But in a manly way they drill their holes.
Sharp and Mason talk a lot.
And if anything is missing it's Lund or Scott.
Melvin and Anderson are the dumbest two—
But it does not matter, 'cause we're all getting through.
—L. Lund.

T-36

We are girls of T-36.
With our pens we'll try some tricks.
There's little Carmello, about three-foot-two;
Many brains she has got: she'll give some to you.
Then comes Carlotta,
She ranks second in height;
If you ask me anything,
She seems always right.
And motherly care you get from Marie;
Take notice, my boys,
You'll get asked to tea.
Marjorie Connor is the "hotcha" girl of the class.
Although she tries hard,
A boy she can't pass.
Tita Brid is the class's thinker,
She fails for the boys—
Hook, line and sinker.
—Violet Hutchison.

* * *

Mr. McKnight—In what hemisphere do we live?

Bibby Spence—I don't live in a hemisphere; I live in a house.
* * *

Mr. Bates—Willie, if I gave you five dollars and your father gave you five dollars, how much would you have?

Willie—Five dollars, sir.

Mr. Bates (disgustedly) — Willie, I'm afraid you don't know your arithmetic.

Willie—Yes, sir; but I'm afraid you don't know my father.

* * *

Mr. Trot—Can you tell me in what year Caesar invaded Britain?

Tinsley—Yes, sir.

Mr. Trot—What year was it?

Tinsley—You can't expect me to answer two questions. That one belongs to the next person.

* * *

Mr. Gilbank—"I have went"—that's wrong isn't it?

Cleland—Yes, sir.

Mr. Gilbank—Why is it wrong?

Cleland — Because you ain't went yet!
* * *

Doctor to Truscott—You should at least get eight hours of sleep each day.

Truscott—How can I when we only have five hours of school!

Smart City Boy (talking to a farm boy)—I can see there is much between you and a fool.

Farm Boy—Nope—just the fence.

* * *

Ruby (in restaurant)—Waiter, bring me a bowl of soup.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Ruby (after a while)—Waiter, there is a hair in my soup.

Waiter—That's all right; we won't charge you any extra.

* * *

Foster—I used to be twins.

M. Simpson—Prove it.

Foster—I have a picture of myself when I was two.

* * *

Mental Specialist—And that habit of talking to yourself—there's nothing to worry about in that.

Truscott — Perhaps not; but I'm such a darned bore.

* * *

The class had written compositions on the giraffe, and Grey wrote: "The giraffe is a dumb animal because its voice gets tired out travelling up its throat."

* * *

We Wonder:

What changed Ruby King's mind about "Bnd" Stewart? Margery Watson?

If Merle Marshall goes with Albert Crowe or certain friends she has at Trinity?

What the last name of Doris Thompson's boy friend is? His first is Ted.

If Don Ross will ever surprise Mr. Chapman and have his home work done?

Is Myrtle Davis bright, or does she just look like that?

Why doesn't Barbara Morris take tap lesssons out here at school?

Where Mona Williams ever got her fiery temper?

Who Gwen Thompson's secret "Romeo" is?

Why Jessie Evans didn't skate with her boy friend, Norm. Park, at a recent skating party?

What happened between H. Sellenk and "Chick" Shaw? Or did he move?

When did Fred Woodrow get so "tight" with his history questions?

Who is Dot Daymon's flame? Or has she one?

Why Pete Copeman ever took Commercial? He seems to be brilliant in Latin, etc.

If Eleanor Hanhan ever misses a night and does not see "Georgie"?

Why Clavel tries the geography exams when he makes them up?

Who is "Hearts and Flowers," and what is he to E. D. and M. M.?

Where does Ella Mae Minnes go every afternoon?

Why N. Smith doesn't like ice-skating? Maybe he can't take it!

How can we tell the Kelter boys apart?

Mr. Smith—Tell me where is Russia situated?

Ella Mae Minnes—On the map behind you.

* * *

M. Flett—I just adore dark men.

R. Stuart—You'd have a swell time in Africa.

* * *

Mr. Gilbank—You're so stupid I wouldn't call you a "ham."

Fisher—Why not?

Mr. Gilbank—A ham can be cured.

* * *

Troubridge (rushing into library)—I want the "Life of Caesar."

Librarian—Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it.

* * *

Bell—I'm a little stiff from running.
Moore — Where did you say you were from?

* * *

E. Markle—I believe this school is haunted.

B. Reider—Why?

E. Markle—Why haven't you often heard them talking about the school spirit?

* * *

Two students were trying to decide what to do that night.

Phyllis Bell—Let's toss a coin: if it's heads we go to the show; tails we go and meet the boys.

Merle Marshall—And if it stands on edge, we will stay home and study.

* * *

Mona Williams—A man tried to kiss me last night.

Jim—Did you slap his face?

Mona—Yes, indeed, as soon as he was through.

* * *

1st Girl—Did you hear they are going to stop all the street cars tomorrow?

2nd Girl—No; why?

1st Girl—o let people on and off of course.

* * *

B. Cartnell—This dance floor is certainly slippery.

J. Lambo—It isn't the dance floor; I just had my shoes shined.

* * *

"Well, I've lost another pupil," said Mr. Gilbank, as his glass eye fell to the floor.

* * *

Fisher—Did you see me across the street?

Van Sickle—Aw! I could see you two miles away!

* * *

Miss Calderone—What is maple sugar in French?

Carr—Boiled down sap of the maple tree.

* *

Cleland—What's dignity?

Van Sickle—Dignity, my hoy, is what you think you possess until Mr. Gilbank says, "A week's detention!"

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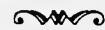
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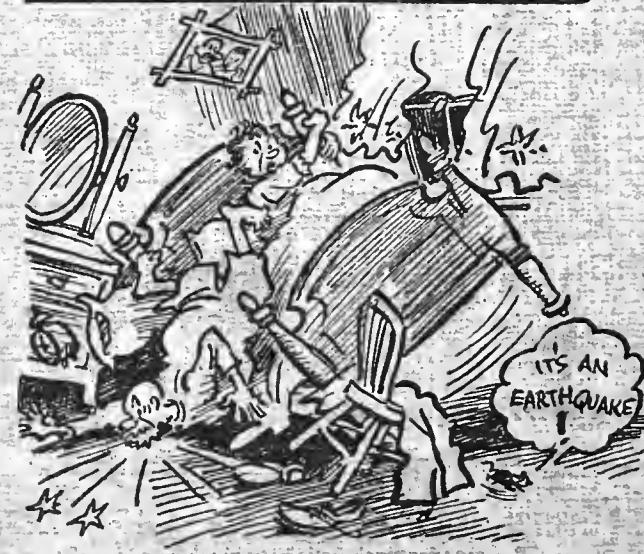
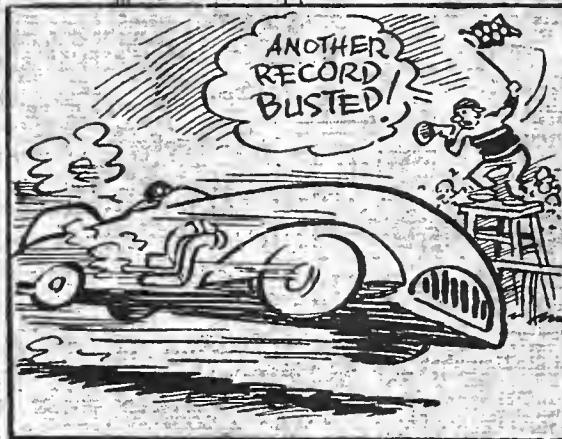
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